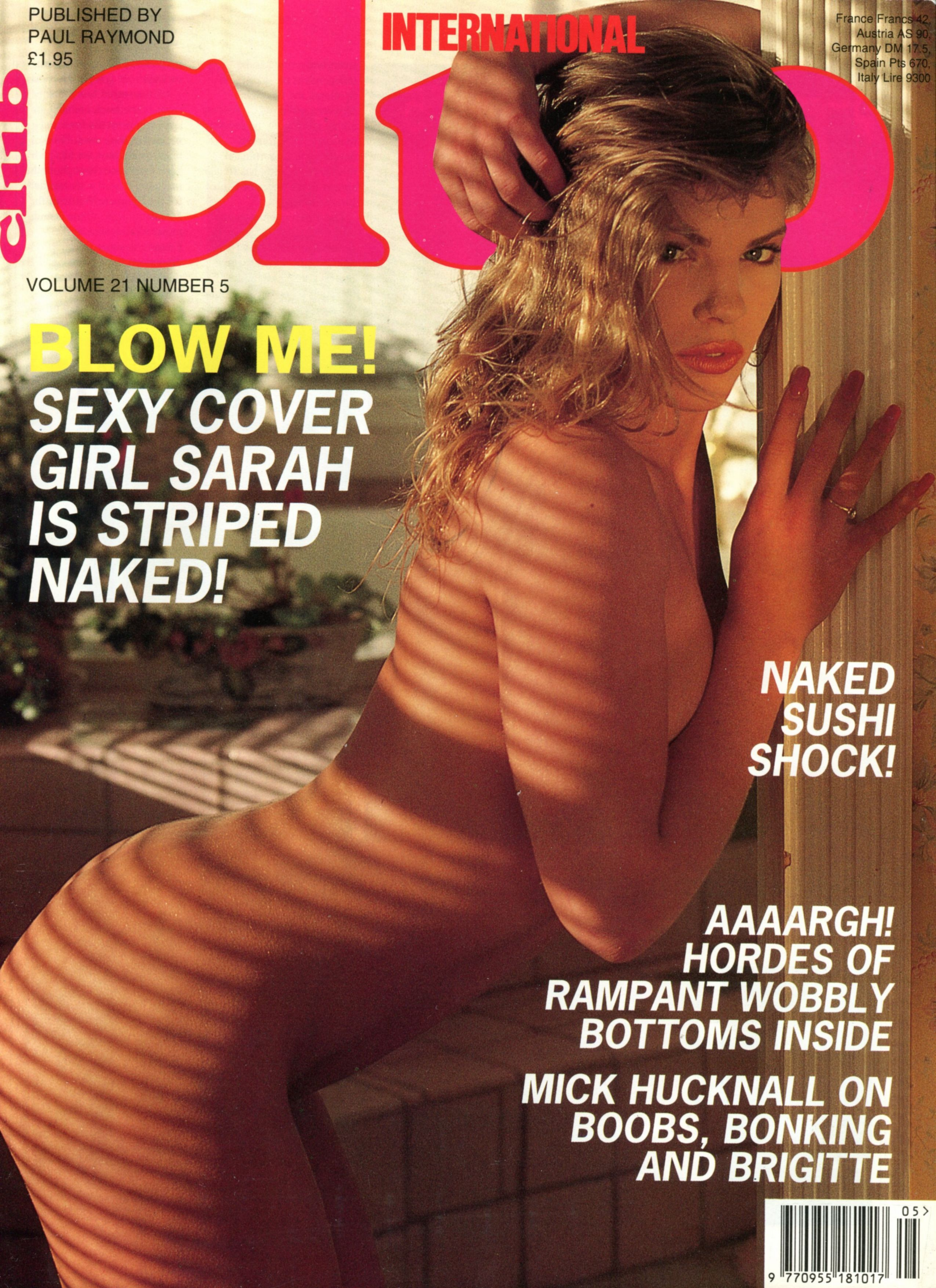

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VOLUME 21 NUMBER 5

BLOW ME!
SEXY COVER GIRL SARAH IS STRIPED NAKED!

NAKED SUSHI SHOCK!

AAAARGH! HORDES OF RAMPANT WOBBLY BOTTOMS INSIDE

MICK HUCKNALL ON BOOBS, BONKING AND BRIGITTE

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty One Number Five

page 5
Lynette

Everybody wants to be independent these days — Scotland, the Ukraine, Slovenia and parts of Tooting are all putting on the pressure to escape from foreign domination. Unfortunately, this tide of feeling has finally spread to the pages of Club International.

The Talking Blue section now maintains that it has never, historically and culturally speaking, been a part of Club at all, and threatens a campaign of non-horniness if its demand for a magazine of its own is not met without delay.

All the stupid bits in the front of the book are also applying pressure for a section of their own. "For many years now we have been dispersed throughout the magazine," said a spokesman for the Sporting Willie of the Month column. "This is an imperialist device of the Editor's designed to sow dissension in our ranks and thus stifle our legitimate demands for self-determination. We call on all

page 43
Sarah

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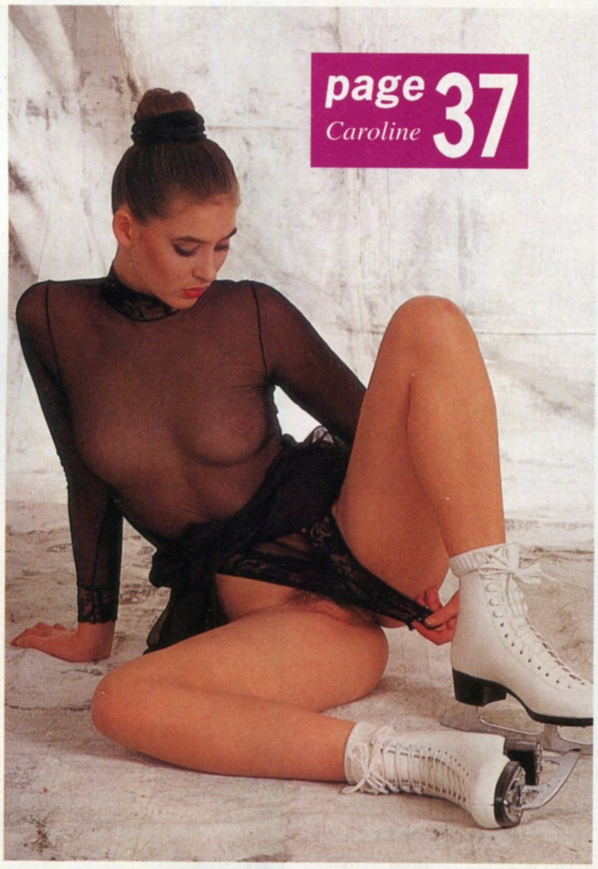
stupid bits up the front of the book to join together in a seperate four-page section somewhere around page 29, where we will be better able to control our own affairs. If the Editor stands in our way we will withdraw our humour."

Which is not much of a threat, really.

Most worrying of all for the Editor is the demand from various Club girls for a seperate currency, tax-raising powers, a home defence force and a constitutional conference to set a framework for independence within the Commonwealth of Licentiously Intimate Tushes (CLIT).

Amid mounting speculation concerning the future of the Club International empire and hints of open rebellion, the Editor was today forced to issue a statement on the situation.

"I am, of course, deeply concerned at the unrest in certain areas of Club International. However, I am much more concerned by the fact that I have bugger all to put in my editorial column and the Production Editor is waiting outside the door with a baseball bat. Hang on, though, I think this gives me an idea..." ♣



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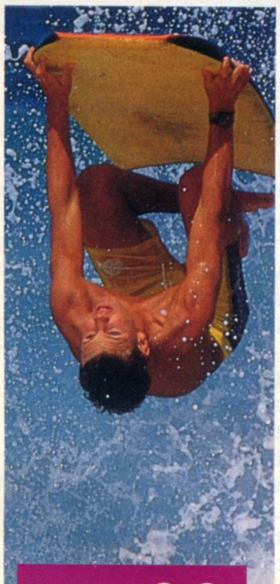
Caroline

page 84
Sasha

page 25
Marci



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Skim boarding

page 92
Amanda

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IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Well Red

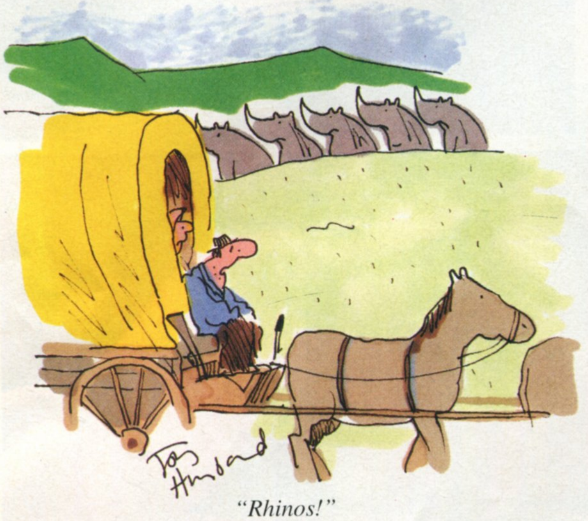
To say that Club Vol 21 No 3 made me a very happy man would be an understatement. An orgasmically happy man with a huge stiffy might be a little closer to the truth!

For if there is one sort of woman that really raises my blood pressure then it's a natural redhead.

So when I saw Lucy and Kelly in the one issue I almost passed out. I'm sure they must be related as they are both absolutely stunning.

I think once every year you should bring out a Club special filled to the brim with redheaded models, stories about people having sex with redheads and letters written by redheads. Isn't that a great idea?! — *Jim, Leicester*

No, not really — The Ed



"Rhinos!"

Sex Maniac

I only discovered sex about six months ago, but now I'm fuck crazy! I'm 18-years-old, very pretty and one of those girls who wanted to wait for Mr Right to come along before losing my virginity.

For all my good intentions though, things didn't quite go to plan. I ended up getting drunk at a party and woke up the next morning lying next to a very handsome bloke. I couldn't remember much about what happened the night before, though I vaguely recalled some mad thrashing between the sheets and thought, "Well I've lost my virginity so I might as well find out if it's all it's cracked up to be!"

With that I searched for my partner's cock, took it in my hand and felt it grow slowly, even though he was still half asleep! I was fascinated by his balls and juggled them around in my hand before kissing them. My partner (whose name I couldn't even remember!) gave a groan of appreciation, and I took his prick into my mouth, still playing with his balls gently.

I had never expected his cock to taste the way it did, and I gave it long luscious licks before deciding that I had to feel it inside me. I took it in my hand, lowered my pussy over it and guided it inside. I was so juiced up that it slid in easily and I began rubbing myself, my titties swaying madly around as I bounced about on his pole.

His eyes were open now, and he liked what was happening, especially considering that my pussy muscles were clenching his cock tightly as my first orgasm shuddered through my body. His prick was soon pulsating spunk into me and at that point I wondered why I had even contemplated waiting for Mr Right when I could have been shagging lots of Mr Wrongs?!

Since that experience I've had seven different fellas, though I'm sure that number will have at least doubled within the next few months. I've tried sex now — and I'm addicted! — *Cath, Chester*

Jess Undress

My name's Alex and I'm a 22-year-old electrician who due to financial problems still lives with my mother. When I was younger my mum got divorced and her best friend, also a divorcee, and her daughter Jess moved into our house. Jess is three years younger than me and though we used to fight when we were younger, she's now like a best friend.

Anyway, Jess's mum and mine decided to go for a two week holiday to Greece and left the house in our 'capable' hands. It was sheer bliss having the house to ourselves and we decided to spend the night watching a video.

The video began as a usual love-story, which is what Jess really likes, but it rapidly moved onto a steamy sex scene, and I was starting to feel quite horny. Jess, who was watching the telly said, "I don't fancy him much," but went on to say, "the girl's got great breasts though." Hearing Jess say something like that was really turning me on, and the action on the television screen was only

Dear Lisa,

I'm not the sort of guy who is usually stuck for words, but I was speechless after I saw your sexy pictures in Club (Vol 21 No 3), and I just had to write in and tell you about my naughty fantasy.

We're having dinner at your place one night, but the food's the last thing on my mind — you look good enough to eat yourself in your figure hugging mini-dress! After a few drinks, we soon forget our manners, and you're stretched across the table completely naked, except for a single strawberry in your tummy button!

I begin to kiss you all

SUSHI TABLE SPOT

Our great new cut-out-and-keep easy-clean handy kitchen sushi table spot. The first in a series of one...

Kim Wuh Sim is well known in Japan for being the only walking, talking, fully-naked sushi table.

"I love being a sushi table," says Kim. "Ever since I was a child I've known that my only reason for being is to give pleasure to Japanese businessmen who want to eat their sushi off a young woman like myself.

"The only drawback is that I always seem to smell of fish. I guess I could wear a table cloth, but I think that would spoil the effect of being Japan's only walking, talking, fully-naked sushi table, so I don't."

No more sushi next month. ♣

over, starting with those gorgeous tits. I'd suck on your swollen buds, lick my way down your stomach, and then eat that strawberry — before moving down to something even sweeter! You start to writhe over the table as I kiss my way up the insides of your thighs, and then I get to work on your juicy pussy. You taste so sweet and I quickly plunge my tongue deep inside your cunt.

You're screaming out my name and pleading with me to fuck you, and being the obliging sort of fella that I am, how could I refuse? — *Jamie, Sheffield*

Mmm, there's no guessing who'd be supplying the cream, is there, Jamie? Your letter really turned me on — especially the bit about the strawberry! At the moment I've got two fingers inside my pussy as I imagine you shagging me hard on the table. My pussy lips are swollen and sticky... and I can feel an orgasm building up inside me. I hope it'll be the first of many! — ***Lisa*** ♣

adding to my aroused state.

Jess noticed the bulge in my trousers and said, "You better be a bit easy with that or else you'll have someone's eye out." I laughed, but felt a little uncomfortable as I sensed that Jess was coming on to me. I looked at the video again to see that the couple on the screen were really getting into it, and all of a sudden I could sense that Jess was very close.

I turned to look at her and she leant a little closer, looking directly into my eyes, then brushed her lips against mine. At first I backed away, but she grabbed the back of my head and pulled me down towards her. When our lips met that time I lost all control. We kissed, tongues roaming freely, and I slid my hand along her thigh until I passed her stocking tops.

Jess pulled my T-shirt out of my jeans and ran her hand across my stomach. I found the crotch of her panties,

continued on page 30

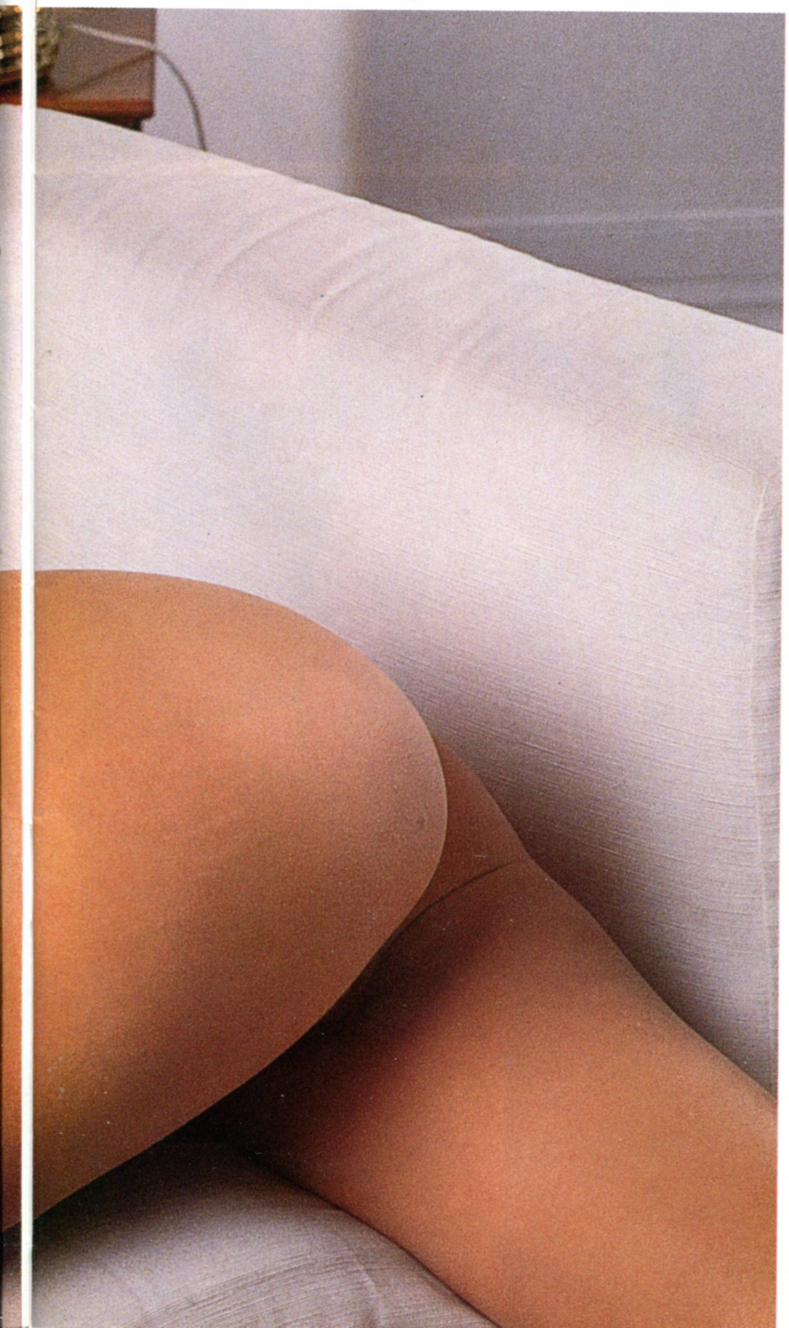
LYNETTE
Photographs by Paulo Tallorigo

Here at Club we hate to see grown men cry, but that's the effect that Lynette had on the collective male staff of this esteemed organ when she told us that this photoset would be her last. A career in fashion modelling over in Milan awaits the 19-year-old brunette, but before she packed up her

kinky underwear in the proverbial kit bag, the Ed went down on bended knee, and the Birmingham-born beauty duly obliged and produced this steamy set of photos.

"How could I possibly refuse?" laughs Lynette, casually brushing a slim finger over her breasts. "If it wasn't for Club, I wouldn't be heading over to Italy... the pleasure's all mine, believe me!

"It's going to be very hard for me to remember that I actually have to keep my



clothes on *when I'm on the catwalk — dressing up in my sexiest underwear, then slowly peeling it all off again is one of the biggest turn-ons for me!*

"I'll just have to imagine all you fellas watching me while I slowly take off my underwear, rubbing my nipples so that you can see them standing up hard and ready to be sucked... I'm sure I won't need to tell all you fellas how that'll make me feel now, do I?!" ♣

gobble!

ANGEL'S DELIGHT

If heaven is a place on earth, it's probably Catford on a wet Wednesday, reckons **Nathanial Fatbastard**.

It's now several months since I've been under half a ton of thick wet sod — and I'm not referring to shagging my mountainous ex-missus, Ninja. No, I mean gone to my grave and all that time I've been stuck in purgatory, the nearest dying equivalent of an NHS waiting list for a piles operation, only even more of a pain in the arse. But finally, Judgement House came through with the news that I'm ascending unto heaven, so I bought my ticket for the soul train to nirvana.

"Heaven, please," I asked the ticket seller.

"Single or return?"

"Single," I replied.

"Thought as much," he mumbled. "Only sold one bloody return, and that was Easter 2,000 years ago. Hang on, heaven's closed for essential engineering work. You'll have to go to The Angel and ask. But whatever you do, don't go via the station at Thames. I've got a directive from the boss. 'Lead them not into Thames station,' it says.

I took my ticket and stood on the platform next to a sign saying "Trespassers will be forgiven (as will those who trespass against us)" and waited for the Heavenly Express. It turned up half an hour late. Furiously I stomped into the carriage and started shouting at the poor soul who was the train's conductor and guardian angel.

"I've got to be in heaven by 10pm. Why's this train so bloody late?"

"I don't think I'd better say," he whispered meekly.

"Well, who the fuck's in charge?"

"I'd really rather not tell you that, sir."

"You unhelpful bastard! I'm reporting you, who are you and what's your official position?"

"My name's Cyril, sir, and I'm the Soul of Discretion."

"Bugger!" I replied.

After what seemed like an eternity, we arrived at Angel, and as the Stairway to Heaven was out of order, I got a white cab.

"Where's it to then, mate?" asked the driver, doomed to spend an eternity plying for trade around the Elysian Fields as he absolutely refused to go south of the river Styx. I told him.

"Ooooh, come a bit pricey. Traffic round there's absolutely dia-bleeding-bolical, pardon my French. Never mind, you're not in a hurry are you? Do you know, *do you know* who I had in the back of this cab just now? Only St Francis. Only St Francis of bloody Assisi. Got bird crap all over me seat covers, the bastard. Anyway, I says to him, Frank, I says..."

I ignored him, staring fixedly instead at the sign reading, 'Cremation victims, thank you for not smoking.'

I must admit that my first impression of heaven was very disappointing. It consisted of a large municipal building proudly announcing, 'Department of Harps and Celestial Security (Pearly Gates branch, manager Peter Saint) — please sign on inside'. When I went through the doors, the scene was exactly like Catford DSS. Thousands of people were clamouring for attention, whilst rather knackered looking angels behind grilles handed them forms. I joined the first queue and eventually reached the front. He snatched my judgement, and went through his files.

"Fatbastard, Fatbastard, now let me see, you need a W473 Wing Requisition Form, a 2165 Shroud Invoice and do you fancy a harp?"

"Not half, I could murder a pint — even if it's that fizzy piss water!"

"Right, wait over there."

I sat down for another two hours which seemed even longer as the only thing to read was the mindless gossip and inane photo captions about famous dead people in their one publication, *Halo* magazine. Finally though, after filling in all the required forms and having my sins absolved through their 0898 Dial for Forgiveness number ('Please atone after the tone'), I went through the turnstiles and got my first glimpse of heaven itself.

What does it look like? Like a freshly whitewashed Milton Keynes, only with

CATFORD
RHYL

those pot-bellied brats in Pampers called cherubs flitting about the place. It's clean, clinical and quiet — a bit like Denmark, really. The only sound I heard was a very timid "Hooray" from a group of nervous looking angels on one of the many carefully manicured lawns. I later learned that they were The Meek, and had just inherited the Earth. Sadly, a lot of very unmeek people indeed contested the will, and most of the unassuming were either badly beaten up or robbed of their share.

Bored shitless, I stopped a man with rotten teeth and a severe heart condition who was apparently from the Land of Milk and Honey, and asked him where the hell all the fun and crumpet was.

"Mmm, now let me think... you could try JFK's house. He's having another one of his parties. Hendrix and Elvis are jamming there," he said, and then added miserably, "Trouble is, the President insists on shagging all the good-looking girls and nobody else gets a look-in. I told him once, 'Kennedy,' I said, 'I need you like a hole in the head.' He was really mad for some reason."

I carried on walking past the fucking enormous mansions of famous dead goody-goodies who had truly got their reward in heaven, when suddenly I was tapped on the shoulder by one of those rosy-faced flying rug-rats.

"Mr Nathaniel Fatbastard?" he trilled.

"*Sir* Nathanial Fatbastard, actually," I replied pompously.

"Ooooh touchy! Anyway, I have an important telegram for you from head office." He handed me a gold envelope, then flitted off, pausing only to crap on a statue. I opened the seal.

"Sir Nathanial Fatbastard, you are asked to attend a meeting with the Managing Director of God & Son plc at our head office to discuss your future with us. Signed H Ghost, Secretary."

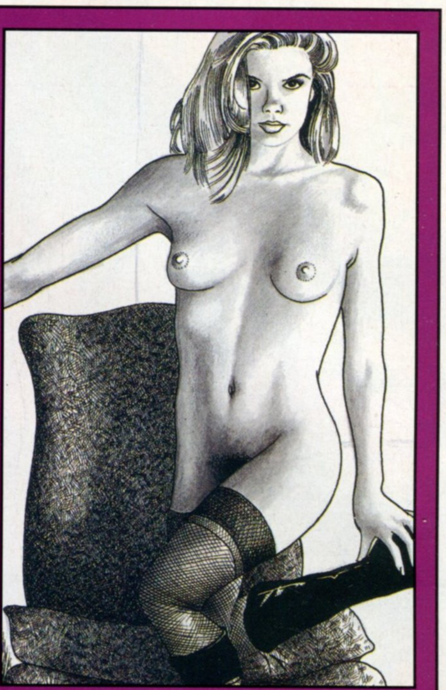
A meeting with God himself, now that was more like it. At last somebody who recognises my worth! I wonder if I should bring a bottle?

Next month: Nat meets God and has an Almighty hangover. ♣

T.GRIFFITHS.

THE GALLERY

Another bad picture for your bad picture album



The massive flow of drawings into the Club offices has completely stopped! Yes, from receiving over ten thousand drawings an hour, the postbag has shrunk to a pathetic one sketch on a fag packet every three weeks, indicating that you, our wonderful family of readers, are just as bored with this crap series as we are.

However, due to a chronic shortage of new ideas to replace this one, we are continuing with The Gallery. This month we are so desperate for material that we are running a sketch which was sent to us by mistake. Mr A D Sutton of New Zealand posted this drawing under the mistaken impression that we published some obscure and now defunct cartoon magazine.

In fact, we thought it wasn't too bad until we saw that Mr Sutton had drawn a dog with a stiffy on the left hand side of the picture. I mean, *yuck*. We felt this was too foul to publish in a family magazine so we cut it out. *Club art critic Edward Floozie-Smith writes: Fucking hell, that's disgusting. This man'd get locked up if he was over here. Hanging's too good for 'em, I say.* ♣

ENCYCLOPAEDIA TITANNICA

Our private partwork continues, building month-by-month into quite a lot of pictures of beautiful breasts for you and your family to treasure for generations to come, maybe.

Chapter 24: What happens when she lies down. One of the most amazing things about mammaries is that whatever size they appear to be when a girl is standing up, they always seem to disappear when she lies on her back. In fact, they don't just vanish, they fall down the side of her body to minimise wind resistance, and stop short-sighted moles mistaking them for their burrows. If they stay upright like sleeping policemen on a private road, chances are they contain more silicon than Mount Rushmore. Gayle's pert pair (Fig 1) are in the process of folding down. Nice though, aren't they, eh? ♣

Photographs by Joanie Allum

cute Kim

SHE'LL MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!

Hi guys! This month you're seeing me just as nature intended — with my undies on and a naughty glint in my eye! I've done loads of requests for you, but this time I wanted to let you in on a secret by showing you the clothes I wear for my own special solo sex sessions. As you can see, the outfit's a simple camisole and knickers, and my kinky black suspender belt and stockings!

If I know I'm going to have an evening all to myself, here's my routine: I lay out some baby oil, a copy of Club, and my vibrator on the bedside table. Then I put on these clothes and settle back on the bed. I turn through each of the poses in the magazine, and whenever I see one that turns me on I copy it. This gets me hot pretty quickly, but I want to take it slow, so when I've been through the mag I

turn back to the sexiest picture! I rub baby oil over my nipples, and then over my pussy lips... whilst thinking about my first lesbian experience just a little while ago!

By this time I'm near to coming, and I can't resist grabbing my vibrator and running it over my pussy mound before sliding its thick length all the way up inside me. I can't hold back any longer, and I moan out the model's name loudly as I come.

You know, telling you all about my secret masturbation sessions has got me a bit worked up! I'm off to put those silky undies on again... see you next month! ♣

If you want Kim to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. She'll do what you ask!

letters to KIM

Dear Kim,

Since I first saw you in Club I've had the same fantasy over and over again. It's a hot sunny day and I'm basking in my front garden when I hear a car pull up. I open my eyes and see you sitting in the driver's seat staring at me, your lips and eyes smiling temptingly. You're wearing a simple peasant blouse which shows off your tanned shoulders, a pair of denim hot pants which are so tight that I can see the outline of your pussy mound, a pair of white high-heeled boots, and finally a black velvet choker around your long lovely neck.

You motion for me to join you in your bright red sports-car and we drive into the countryside. You park on the grassy verge and I follow you into a paddock. You stand before me, slowly stripping off your clothes but leaving your boots on. I am mesmerised by your actions and when you undress me my cock rises to full length.

You kiss my mouth fully then work your soft, tickling lips down my body, only stopping to lick the length of my cock two or three times. I lay you down on the grass and begin to explore your pussy with my mouth. You cry out in joy and you become juiced up quickly. I mount you, my cock sliding easily in and out of your lovely pussy.

You've come repeatedly by now, and I can feel that your body is becoming exhausted. I shoot a load of my spunk into you, making you cry out once again.

I drive you back to my flat as you sleep in the passenger's seat. Every time I look over I can't believe such a fantastic thing has happened — if only it would Kim! — *Richard, Basingstoke*

If only indeed! I really fancy a red sports-car... only joking Richard! I think your fantasy sounds really lovely as I've always wanted to make love in some long grass while the sun beats down onto my body. I've seen lots of people do it in movies, but unfortunately I've never had the opportunity. I'm sure if you were my lover, Richard, we'd be spending a lot of time romping around in the grass, and I'm positive I would enjoy it immensely!

Dear Kim,

I often dream lust-filled dreams about you as you're definitely the prettiest, sexiest, horniest girl I have ever set eyes on. Are you really as sweet and innocent as you seem? Well, in my fantasy you aren't...

I come home from work one day and find you lying down on my sofa rubbing your fingers against your panties, a damp patch forming as you catch sight of me. You tell me that you've been watching me for ages now and that you find me irresistible, that's why you broke in. Then you ask me to undress and because you're so desirable I comply.

I join you on the sofa, pulling your panties off and licking up your cream, flicking my tongue against your clitty at the same time. Your breathing becomes rapid and I turn you over so you're kneeling on all fours before sliding my cock deep inside you.

You squeal in delight as I pump long and hard until your body shakes as orgasm after orgasm rips through you. When I feel that you've been fully satisfied I finally allow my cock to erupt hot spunk inside you. Would you ever dare to break into a handsome bloke's house just so you could have sex with him, Kim? — *Frankie, Milton Keynes*

I'm becoming more daring with sex as the days go by, Frankie, but not that daring! Though I guess if I knew that the handsome bloke in question wouldn't mind, and if I wanted him really badly, I might think about it. I'm more used to the guy making the first move you see, though they do say there's a first time for everything!

Dear Kim,

I fantasise about you day and night, and to tell you the truth, I'm starting to get sick of never getting any sleep!

At work I sit there, dreaming that I walk into the filing room and find you hiding behind a shelf with your silky panties down around your ankles and your finger exploring your pussy.

When you see me you act a little stunned at first but then say, "Would you like to join me?" I need not answer, I just approach you and start to probe your pussy with my tongue. I'm a bit of an expert at this sort of thing so not surprisingly you're soon wriggling around and whimpering as your juice flows onto my tongue while you experience orgasm after delightful orgasm.

Of course you're very grateful and that night after work you invite me back to your house to show me exactly how grateful you are! — *Dennis, Berkhampstead*

So grateful Dennis that I'd lay you down on my couch, pull your trousers off, then take you cock into my mouth giving you an orgasm as wonderful as the one you gave me earlier on. After all one good turn deserves another, right Dennis? ♣

sport

GAME SET & SNATCH

Is it right to mix sex and sport? "Yes... yes... yes!" moans **Maurice Short**.

This month, my packed and throbbing column turns to thoughts of sex. When it comes to rumpy pumpy, sportsmen can find themselves waving their willow on a distinctly sticky wicket. For many years now there has been a debate over whether or not it is debilitating for an athlete to have sex before the big one (or in the case of women tennis stars, to have a big one before sets).

Conventional wisdom has it that making love causes a football player to "lose his legs". This has always seemed somewhat odd to me. Imagine a player phoning up his manager on Saturday morning: "Er, boss, it's me. Yeah I got some bad news. I was shagging this lass last night and I've lost my legs. Aye. I've looked under the bed and everywhere, no sign. OK then. I'll bum a lift down to the physio's right away."

Motor cyclist Barry Sheene says he made love on the morning of every big race and he was a World Champion. On the other hand he also had so much metal in him that nowadays he can't pass a magnet without doing a breakdance. By contrast World Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano abstained for months before his fights.

Perhaps the final word on the matter should be left with Angelo Dundee, the man who trained Muhammad Ali. A journalist once told Dundee the story of how Primo Carnera (an Italian heavyweight of the 1930s whose nickname, 'The Ambling Alp' says all you need to know about him) became so paranoid about the weakening effects of rumpy-pumpy that he put a rubber band round his penis at night during the weeks leading up to a fight to prevent himself from becoming stimulated by erotic dreams. Dundee shrugged and said, "Carnera could've cut his dick off. He still wouldn't have been a good fighter."

Dickie Bird: sexier than Swaroob Krishnan?

(Ed's note: as a matter of fact I interviewed ex-Arsenal and Spurs manager Terry Neil a few years ago, and he reckoned that some of his players had a contest to see who could shag closest to kick-off. Said one of them was still at it at five to three on Saturday afternoon, leapt off her and played a blinder. Makes you think, eh?)

- ● Fascinating FA Cup Fact 1: Elton John's uncle won a cup-winners medal with Nottingham Forest in 1959.

- ● The cricket season is once again preparing to spring upon us with all the zest and energy of a geriatric window dresser who's just swallowed a mug full of bromide. Which is hardly surprising really, since what with the World Cup, the World Series Cup, a first team tour to New Zealand, an A team visit to Barbados, Durham in Zimbabwe and Rutland Junior Boys Second XI in Tierra Del Fuego our cricketers hardly get a moment's peace. And as if that wasn't bad enough there's global warming too, so rain hardly ever stops play any more.

All of which means that us cricket fans are kept busier than a condom dispenser in a holiday camp just trying to keep up with things.

One of the major talking points of the day is the possible introduction of neutral umpires for test series. I am all in favour of this. Not because I think English umpires may be biased in favour of our national team, but because it would give British fans a chance to see Bombay's Swaroob Krishan in the not inconsiderable flesh.

As chairman of the 'For Umpiring Choose Krishan' campaign perhaps I should outline the incredibly fat Indian official's crowd pleasing features: Swaroob is

Barry Sheene — likes a bonk in the morning

quiz

ARE YOU ELVIS?

This bit's called a standfirst and we have to have it for the design, but we can't think of anything useful to put here. So just read the text.

Growing evidence in scientific journals such as *The Sunday Sport* points to the fact that Elvis Presley is alive and living in the UK. Sadly he's suffering from amnesia and doesn't know who he is. Which means he could be any one of us! So are you the snake-hipped showman? Or are you just a floppy-haired git with a dodgy pair of creepers? You'll never be 100 per cent certain until you've answered our pelvis-wiggling Presley probe. Just count up the correct answers and see if you're 'The King'!

1) A mix up at the bank means you need to get your hands on £200 as soon as possible. What do you do?
a) Go down to the sperm bank and make a few deposits (at £20 a time it should only take a couple of hours).
b) Strip that son-of-a-bitch bank manager buck naked, hog tie him to the back of a faggot grizzly bear and drive them down the main street. Then shoot him.
c) Write a biography of a dead rock star which says he was fat, untalented and smelt like a skunk's shorts during the mating season.
d) Organize an advertising campaign aimed at increasing sales of battered bangers.
e) Open a supermarket.
f) Go to Acapulco or Hawaii and make a crap film.

2) You see a bountiful blonde bimbo leaning against the bar. You want to get to know her better. What do you do?
a) Saunter over to her and whisper, "If you thought Schwarzenegger was big and hard wait till you see what's in my Y-fronts."
b) Saunter over to her and whisper in her ear, "This *is* a gun in my pocket and I ain't pleased to see you." Then shoot the bartender.
c) Wave your whopping great cheque book in her face and yell, "Ever been to bed with a rock star, and if so how about telling me the kinky bits."
d) Smile politely and inquire, "Open or closed, luv?"
e) Wiggle your hips about and drawl, "You drive me cray-ay-ay-a-zee."
f) Wave your legs about in a peculiar fashion and mumble, "Ah jerst wanna be your teheady bear," while stuffing a Big Mac down your neck.

BUT DON'T YOU STEP ON MAH BLUE SUEDE SHOES...
DIXIE

3) A chick approaches you and begs you to give her something sloppy, French and saucy. What do you do?
a) Flip a Serge Gainsbourg CD on the stereo, drop down on your knees and start sending Morse code messages down your tongue.
b) Tell her you don't go in for no filthy, pinko, un-American activities. Then shoot a racoon.
c) Drop the article you're writing and say, "When Jim Morrison was living in Paris, he used to strap chocolate croissants to his gonads."
d) Hand her a sachet of tartar sauce.
e) Gyrate your knees and sing "Julie, si vous aimez moi vraiment," while flicking brylcreem at her.
f) Try to sing *In The Ghetto* while eating a rack of spare ribs in bar-b-que ketchup.

4) You invite a plump-thighed, pert-breasted babe back to your place for coffee. Before you prepare the percolator what do you do?

MAURICE'S HUNK OF THE MONTH

At just five feet seven inches, Huddersfield Town's Seventies schemer Colin Dobson is proof positive that the best things come in small packages! Colin, married to a partially-sighted potting shed named Christine, says his hobbies are 'curdling milk and looking a bit apprehensive'. When told he would be appearing as a pin-up in Britain's sexiest magazine, Colin told our reporter he was "startled and a little nervous about it. But then I'm like that about everything, to be honest," he quipped with a frown. ♣

so large he makes the Roly Polys look like Hot Gossip; attempting to circumnavigate him adds several yards onto a bowler's run-up, thus tiring out the pacemen and making batting easier; he is often mistaken for the pavilion by short-sighted batsmen who wander round him, grinning idiotically, trying to locate the steps up to his entrance.

Added to this is the fact that when not umpiring Swaroob can be used as a mobile sight-screen, or his coat turned into a makeshift beer marquee. We at F.U.C.K. demand that the MCC send an RAF Hercules to bring him over here immediately.

● Fascinating FA Cup Fact 2: To celebrate Wolves' victory over Everton in the 1893 final, a builder from Dudley built 11 houses, each one named after a member of the winning team. Each dwelling had a stone replica of the cup in the front garden.

● With the FA Cup Final just around the corner this is perhaps time to pay tribute to one of the great names of soccer, A.F. Kinnaird. Kinnaird was captain of Etonians in the 1870s. He had a flowing red beard and his playing garb included white flannel trousers and a hooped cricket cap. As a player he was so violent he made 'Chopper' Harris look like Wayne Sleep. Once his wife commented, "When you play football I worry that you may break a leg." He replied, "I could well do, but it won't be mine." When his team won the FA Cup in 1879 he celebrated by standing on his head in the centre circle. Ah, there aren't the characters in the game any more...

● And finally... A message for tennis superstar Andre Agassi. Hope the balls drop for you this year, Andre. ♣

A load of... ssshhh!!

Club International, the magazine that brought you Maurice Short, the Philips Trouser Press and enough crumpet to melt the coldest of hearts, is now proud to bring you another exclusive... the first ever recital of a musical piece direct from the pages of a magazine! We've chosen Wayne Marshall's interpretation of the John Cage composition entitled *Four Minutes Thirty Three Seconds* — and if you haven't been lucky enough to hear this contemporary classic, then you're in for a real treat, music lovers!

To appreciate this revolutionary piece, courtesy of Club International, just follow these three easy steps:

Step 1: Put your fingers in your ears.

Step 2: Keep them there for four minutes and thirty three seconds.

Step 3: Take them out.

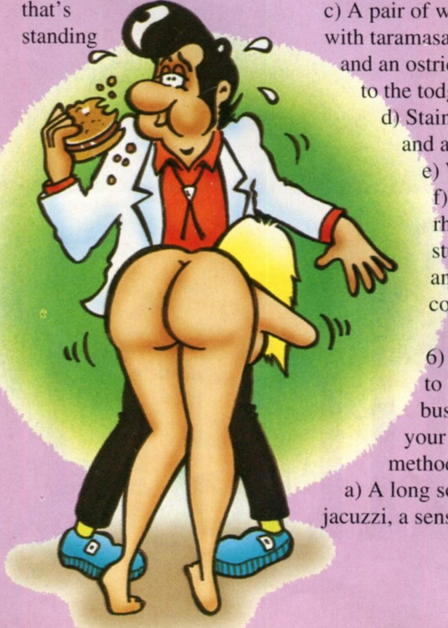
Yes, you've guessed it — *Four Minutes Thirty Three Seconds* is the world's first silent CD. The great virtue of the disc, according to promoter Steve Long, is "You don't need a CD player to appreciate it."

In order to get us to feature his crap product Mr Long has given us a measly two to give away. However, since Marshall couldn't be bothered to play on it, we can't be bothered to send it out.

If you wouldn't like us to send you a copy of *Four Minutes Thirty Three Seconds*, just send us a postcard with nothing on it to It's The Thought That Counts Competition, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you want. ♣

This is not a picture of a CD with no music on it which we're not giving away.

a) Slip into the bedroom, tidy away the discarded condoms from last night, and leave your copy of *The Illustrated Karma Sutra* open on the wheelbarrow position.
b) Slip into the bedroom and clear out Ma, Pa, Cousin Jethro and the hogs. Then shoot a possum through the window.
c) Slip into the study and switch on the concealed tape recorder.
d) Slip into the bathroom and conceal the vat of butter that's standing in the bidet and the 200lbs of haddock fillet in the bath.
e) Slip into the bedroom and place a copy of *I'll Be Satisfied* on the bedside table.
f) Slip into the kitchen and swallow 12 peanut butter sandwiches, an apple pie and two litres of ice cream.



5) What is your idea of sexy night wear?
a) A sultry look and a coating of baby oil.
b) A white gown, a pointed hat and a burning cross.
c) A pair of waders filled with taramasalata, a gas mask and an ostrich feather tied to the todger.
d) Stained white apron and a paper hat.
e) White shoes.
f) A white rhinestone-studded jump suit and a whalebone corset.

6) When it comes to "doing the business" what is your preferred method?
a) A long soak in the jacuzzi, a sensual massage, two hours of love frolics involving several varieties of tropical fruit and a family-size pot of yoghurt.
b) A long, well oiled, pump-action shotgun.
c) Used notes in a plain brown envelope, at night, round the back of Grand Central Station.
d) Put it in gently and shake it every couple of minutes.
e) In front of hundreds of people. Preferably in Bangor.
f) In front of thousands of people. Preferably in Vegas.

7) What is you preferred sexual position?
a) On top. Underneath.
b) From behind. Otherwise the varmints can kick you.
c) From behind a microphone.
d) Doggy-fish fashion.
e) From behind a green door.
f) Hound Dog-style.

Answers

Mainly As: You are not Elvis. However you are getting plenty of pelvis wiggling activity. Watch out, or you may soon be begging the chicks to 'Love Me Tender' bits!

WELL, IT'S A ONE FOR THE MONEY, TWO FOR THE SHOW....

Mainly Bs: Although you are obviously from the same background as Presley and may even have worked as one of his bodyguards you are not 'The King'. In fact, you are a redneck, a member of the KKK and a wanker.

Mainly Cs: You aren't 'The King' either. In fact you're a tabloid journalist. People like you should be put in prison and strung up by the 'Jailhouse Rocks'!

Mainly Ds: You obviously work in a chip shop. If it's in Bolton the chances are that you are Elvis! No wonder you're always singing Rock 'n' Sole while you batter your cod-pieces! Hop on the next plane to Memphis.

Mainly Es: You aren't Elvis. It seems like you might be Shakin' Stevens. This is very sad. It means you're Welsh.

Mainly Fs: Fat, with appalling dress sense and an obsession with junk food, you are clearly not Elvis Presley. However you may be a character of that name who appears in a book by Albert Goldman. What a pity. (Does this quiz make no sense at all, or is it just me? — The Ed.) ♣

Svelte, sophisticated and sexy are just three words that can be used to describe 20-year-old Marci who was discovered by our Ed singing her heart out in a small club in the middle of nowhere to a crowd of three!

"Well, that was my mum, my dad and my kid brother. It was my first performance, and the club had forgotten to advertise me, the band were held up and arrived three hours late, and basically the whole evening was a

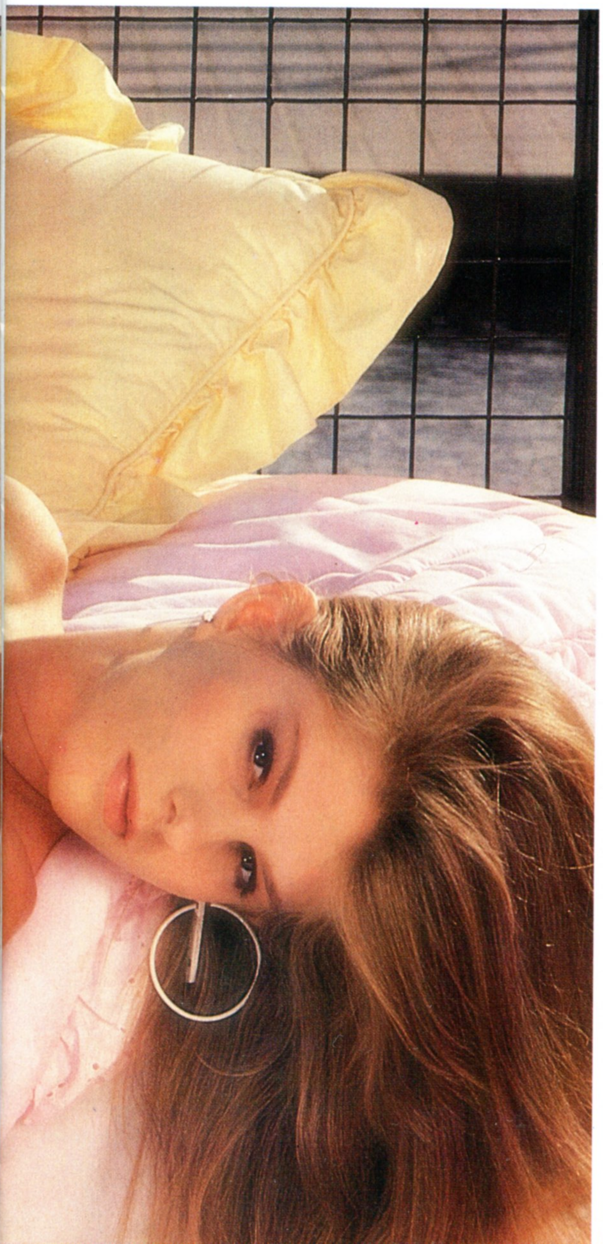
Photographs by Harry Linden

Marci

nightmare until your Ed came up to me and asked if I was interested in doing some modelling.

"Since then I've felt like the star I've always wanted to be; drinking champagne, eating cavier and being invited to the best parties in

town. So I think I'll put my singing career on hold for the moment — I'm too busy having fun taking my clothes off!" ♣



IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

which were already wet, and pulled it aside. "Wait," she whispered as she pulled away, lifted her bum off the floor and slid her black silk panties down. She tossed them to one side then turned her attentions back to me.

She sat astride me, pulled my T-shirt over my head, and began kissing me while I fondled her breasts. As she sat on top of me she ground her cunt onto my bulge and was bringing herself off. My prick was just dying to be inside her — she was so horny!

Suddenly she stood up and slid the straps of the dress off her shoulders, grinning all the while. Jess had one hell of a body — how come I'd never noticed this before? Her pussy looked so tempting as it was beautifully trimmed leaving just a small thatch of short dark hairs.

I stood up to join her and began kissing her again, running my hands over her body and down to her bottom. I grabbed her bum-cheeks and got a delightful little yelp from her. She fumbled with the button-flies of my jeans but soon had them undone, and reached in to grab my cock, which she then pulled out of my boxers. She gently pushed me back down onto the sofa and slid my clothes off.

"Let's have a look at you then," she said, studying my pulsing cock. "Hmmm, that looks very nice!"

She knelt down to wrap her lips around my meat and proceeded to give me the best blow-job of my life. While she sucked she wanked me as well, making my prick twitch and my balls tighten as a gallon of my spunk shot down her throat.

I pulled Jess up so her pussy was over my face, lowered her spread cunt onto my mouth and proceeded to run my tongue along the length of her slit, concentrating on her clit. I ran my tongue in circles round it, really giving it some good, hard attention and soon she was bucking her hips into my face and moaning wildly. I carried on licking through three orgasms until she was crying out for mercy.

Jess slept in my arms all through that night and I woke the next morning with her lips wrapped around my cock. We fucked all through that day as well, and screw regularly now. We have an agreement that it's just for physical pleasure — and I can assure you that pleasure is an understatement! — *Alex, Kent*

Hair Raising

My name is Debbie, I'm 20-years-old with a good 38-25-35 figure and brown hair and eyes. I've done some modelling in the past, but recently I decided on a career in hairdressing.

After some searching I finally landed myself a job interview in a local salon. I wanted the job badly so I took a lot of care dressing to look the part — long red nails, stockings with suspenders under a black

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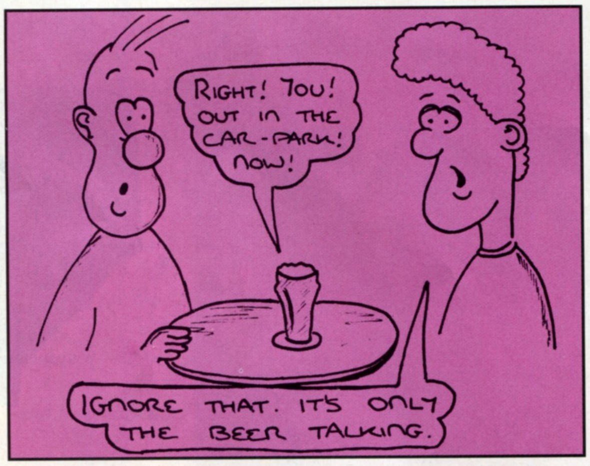
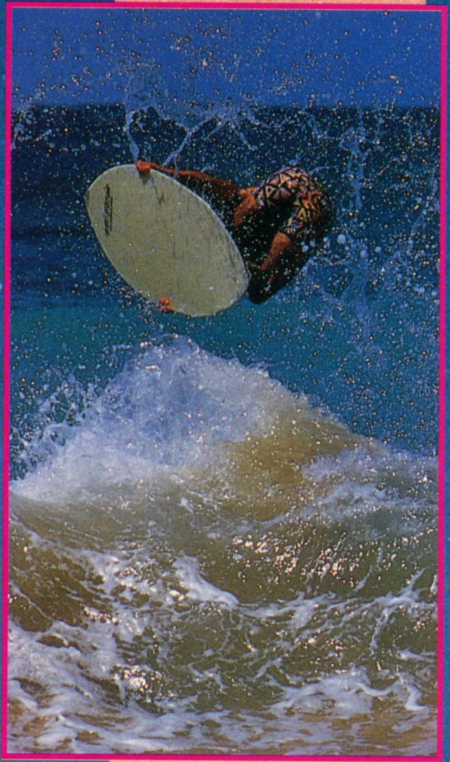
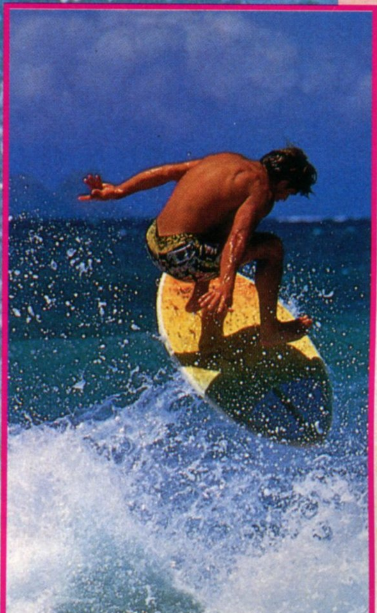

RIGHT! YOU! OUT IN THE CAR-PARK! NOW!
IGNORE THAT. IT'S ONLY THE BEER TALKING.

Photographs by Valerie Desheulles

Wipe Out!





Yaaaay – wipeout! Hi dudes, and welcome to the crazy new sport of Skimboarding! We phoned up the experts at the British Surfing Association to find out more about the daredevil fad that's probably sweeping a nation somewhere. "Never heard of it," said their spokeswoman. So we called the other experts at *Wavelength* magazine, but they were always on the bloody phone. So in fact we know stuff all about the crazy new sport of Skimboarding! It looks jolly good fun though, we must say. If you know anything about it, don't write in 'cos it's a bit bloody late now, isn't it, matey? ♣

BROOOMMMMM!!

Every good men's magazine should have a car column. But instead, we have this crap from **Horst Pipe**.

With car makers the world over desperate to clean up their environmental act — check out Citroën's Citela — good old Aston Martin are still perfectly happy to rip the planet to shreds in pursuit of a smidgin more torque.

Prince Chuck's favourite manufacturers have brought out a conversion package for their thirsty Virage. AM director, Kingsley Riding-Felce (that's his name, honest: well, they may have been taken over but they're still British, dammit) makes a brave stab at trying to sound as green as the next guy. "Every effort has been made towards practicality," he says. "We didn't want to end up with a massively powerful and unsocial car."

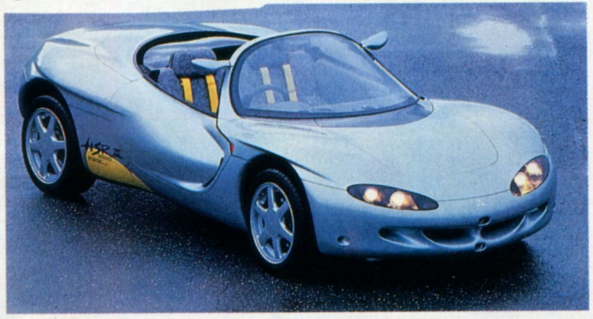
But look at the actual specs and it's a different story. They've taken the engine from 5.4 to 6.3 litres, and upped the power to 465bhp — that's roughly equivalent to a line of 12 Minis. It's hardly going to put them in line for an award from Friends of the Earth, is it?

In fact, this is what they call the Greedhouse Effect: it costs around 50 grand (that's on top of the initial £132,000 purchase price) and the finished car will do 0-60 in 5.4 seconds. Well worth sinking a few more oil wells in areas of outstanding natural beauty, say I.

● Mind you, a Caterham Superseven HPC will do it in 5.2sec and save you £163,000 into the bargain. This may give a clue as to why Aston Martin sales fell by 65 per cent last year.

That's pretty bad, but US car manufacturers are having a *really* hard time, which perhaps explains why Ford of America are so desperate to sell their new coupé overseas. And guess what — it's only taken them 90 years but they've finally noticed that we and the Japanese like our steering wheels on the right.

Right: TVR Griffith — comes with a free 1:1 scale Airfix model. Below: Mitsubishi HSR III — sexier than a hearse...



Mind you, even building right-hookers they won't sell many in Japan. Word has it that a spokesman for the Japanese Mafia-style Yakuza recently told President Bush that Yakuza members buy almost three-quarters of the American cars in Japan and unless he repeals anti-racketeering laws they won't buy any more, so there.

● Whatever, Ford US's new motor is expected to be called the Capri — yup — and it looks great. However, it isn't actually American. The all-new 24 valve 2.5 litre V6 was actually designed by Mazda for their own MX6.

Now, having proved that they can outflank us when it comes to clever technology, the Japanese are trying to out-funk us too. These days they seem to build more concept cars than we build real ones, and the latest — the Mitsubishi HSR III — makes your average Eurojob look about as sexy as a hearse.

According to a company handout, "The HSR III is more than a machine: it is a living creature which co-exists with and supports man, and has a social nature." Well, that's obviously bollocks for a start, but the car is brilliant. The stylists apparently took their design cues from marine animals so it's as slippy as a wet conger's willy with a Cd of only 0.2, and has plenty of mussel, sorry muscle, thanks to a compact but pokey 24 valve six-pot which actually works. (Unlike the one in Audi's recent "210mph" show car which was in fact made of wood.)

It's also got one of those great hardtops which disappears into the boot, as well as a complex four-wheel drive/steer mechanism, electronic traction control, a satellite navigation facility, and Top Gun drive-by-wire hand controls instead of pedals. Yes please — but what's all this about a forward-mounted camera which reads speed limit signs and slows your speed

Caterham Superseven — cheap, fast but not very pretty

ARSE FROM THE PAST

Our excuse for a picture of a nice bottom continues with another bum note in history.

Gropesderriere and the French Revolution.

Prior to the Revolution, France was awash with the ugly fat bottoms of the Bourgeoisie. Louise the 15th (The Bum Queen) was probably the most excessive, needing a whole palace in Versailles to accommodate the huge comfy chairs her Grande Asse needed.

Then along came a rough peasant called Gropesderriere who preferred smaller tighter little bums (like the one here). So he set up a large guillotine called the Asstille to trim a few pounds of unsightly fat off these capacious buttocks like a giant back bacon slicer. Unfortunately, many of these wealthy fat bitches were so ugly, he chopped the wrong end off and killed them. But who cares, they had horrible bottoms anyway.

Nearly 200 snobby lard-arses were disposed of that day, making France the home of the trim little tush, a fact that is still celebrated every year on Arse Feel Day. Then again, maybe not... ♣

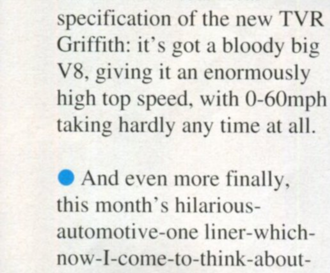
accordingly? Sounds a bit Widow Twanky to me, Yamamoto San, so back to the drawing board...

- Mind you, it's just the kind of thing Chief Constable Peter Joslin would love. He recently admitted that with the technology currently being used by his boys to stop speeders, "there isn't a great risk of getting caught". Is this true, or is he trying to catch us out?

- Lancia have just won the Monte Carlo rally yet again, but hands up who remembers their sensational 1970s Stratos, the Ferrari-powered hotshot which had the same power output as a Corvette but was smaller than a Honda Civic? It won just about everything (including five Montes, three World Championships, an Oscar or two, a time-share apartment in Azerbaijan, and the Nobel Prize for Fuck-Off Good Looks) despite being so badly built that these days experts say if the body panels fit, it's a fake, but if it looks like a kit car then it's the genuine article and worth a fortune.

- Finally, for the tech-heads amongst you, I can exclusively reveal more details of the technical specification of the new TVR Griffith: it's got a bloody big V8, giving it an enormously high top speed, with 0-60mph taking hardly any time at all.

- And even more finally, this month's hilarious-automotive-one liner-which-now-I-come-to-think-about-it-isn't-funny-but-will-do-because-I'm-already-running-late-and-the-Editor's-just-got-back-from-his-holiday-and-is-screaming-for-copy: Q. What do electricians drive to work?
A. A Voltswagen! ♣



Allie

Photographs by Marcus Feltham

"I want someone who doesn't mind spoiling and pampering me," replies 20-year-old Allie when we ask what sort of men she likes. "If a guy lavishes me with presents, cooks me exciting exotic meals, and takes me on paradise holidays then he's almost won his way into my bed."

Only almost?

"Well he has to be able to back it all up with being great in bed. I'm very demanding, especially when it comes to sex, though I can assure you that I give as good as I can take, if you know what I mean!"

Don't you think you're being just a little too demanding, Allie?

"Sure. I'm a spoilt bitch — but hey, that's part of my charm, don't you agree?!" ♣

MICK HUCKNALL

Is the carrot-topped coolster the superstud he's made out to be? "Err... probably," simpers interviewer

Anna Seed

"I love you," pouts a spring chicken of a brunette in a spray-on dress.

"Show me," urges the ginger bloke in a rather dubious silk shirt and baggy trousers. And so, four seconds into the video for *Something Got Me Started*, Simply Red's Mick Hucknall is snaking his body up and down the brunette in a dance style so dirty that it would have Patrick Swayze hanging up his hosepipe.

Not that the Mick-with-a-model scenario is anything new. Inspect any of Simply Red's past videos and at some point Mick usually ends up in the arms/up the skirt/round the neck of some not unattractive female. But then if you were Mick Hucknall, wouldn't you?

The copper-topped one admits he has a reputation with the ladies that he's finding hard to live down. While he comes clean to having had his 'share', he's quick to add that he's "no slag."

"Maybe I do put it around a bit, have lots of affairs, but they aren't like that. I'm not one of those musicians who has to fuck all the time. I don't jump off stage into the nearest pair of knickers."

One pair of knickers he's been associated with is Brigitte Neilson, who he once took out out on a date to Manchester's Hacienda club.

"That was such a laugh," he recalls. "I couldn't believe it. All these blokes in the club. All grown men turning to jelly. It was brilliant to watch people's reaction when I took her in there."

He lets on that it went further than a plain date, but — despite saying "there are a few things I could tell you about her" — will reveal no details.

Brigitte is, he confesses, his "type". "I like strident, independent, aggressive types. And Brigitte's my sort of woman: big, huge and domineering!" he laughs.

And a walking sack of silicone? "They didn't put me off," he says, defending her re-upholstery. "They're very well done, very sexy."

And what of tennis player Steffi Graf (out of whose house Mick was seen emerging during last year's Wimbledon)?

"We're just good friends," he says. They met, Mick will tell you, when he was touring Germany and sent Steffi some tickets. She returned the favour by getting him into Wimbledon and they became matey.

"I relate to people of note who live their lives under the same scrutiny as me, where people are forever looking at you," says Mick, his red dreads pulled back into a pony tail. "That's one of the reasons I have a friendship with Steffi. The life she has to lead is similar to mine."

Another person who would seem to have a similar outlook to Mick, where women are concerned, is Jack Nicholson, who Mick once went on a bit of a bender with. "I was doing a show in Los Angeles and I saw this guy in the audience wearing shades and standing on his seat and dancing. Then I realised it was Jack Nicholson and he came backstage afterwards and we got drunk together. He's so cool — it was like being in a movie."

How does he compare to Jack's sexual track record?

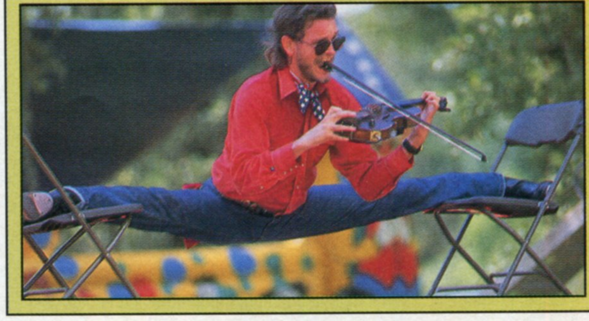
"I don't have many one night stands — but that's not to say that I have to have a deep meaningful relationship

> ***" I don't jump off stage into the nearest pair of knickers."***

NUTTER'S CORNER

Meet, greet and be pretty nice to 'Yogi' Baird, the world's first and only contortionist fiddler!

"My mix of down-home country blues and eastern bodily confabulation always has the folks dancing in the aisles," grins Mr Baird. "Though I've never made the big-time, I believe there's a big market for my brand of what I call hernia music. Now, are you going to say something insulting about me and try to get a picture of me with an animal to please the Editor?"

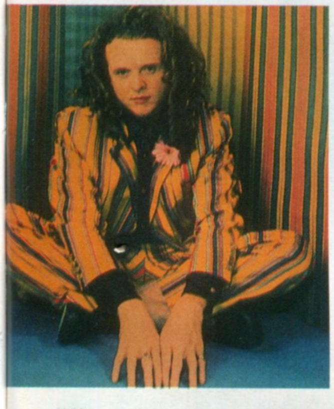


with a girl before I fuck her," comes the answer.

Yet despite this attitude Mick says he's calmed down — and grown up. His recent tour saw him deliberately employing more female staff on the road crew, and not for the reasons you'd immediately assume. "It wasn't planned that way," he says with his 'believe me' face. "It just happened that more and more women joined the crew. It was nice in that it cut out all the macho bullshit. When it was someone's birthday we'd end up buying them a present instead of going out and getting pissed. It was more like a family atmosphere."

And that's better, is it?

"I just like the way women are," he continues. "They're different from us guys. Not just in an anatomical way, but in the way in which they deal with the world. It's not just being obsessed with having sex with every woman you meet. I think what I'm trying to say is, I just *like* women. In every way..." ♣



As if we would. Mr Baird lives in Texas and is available for christenings, bar mitzvahs and obscure acts of perversity with rodents. We think. ♣

CAROLINE

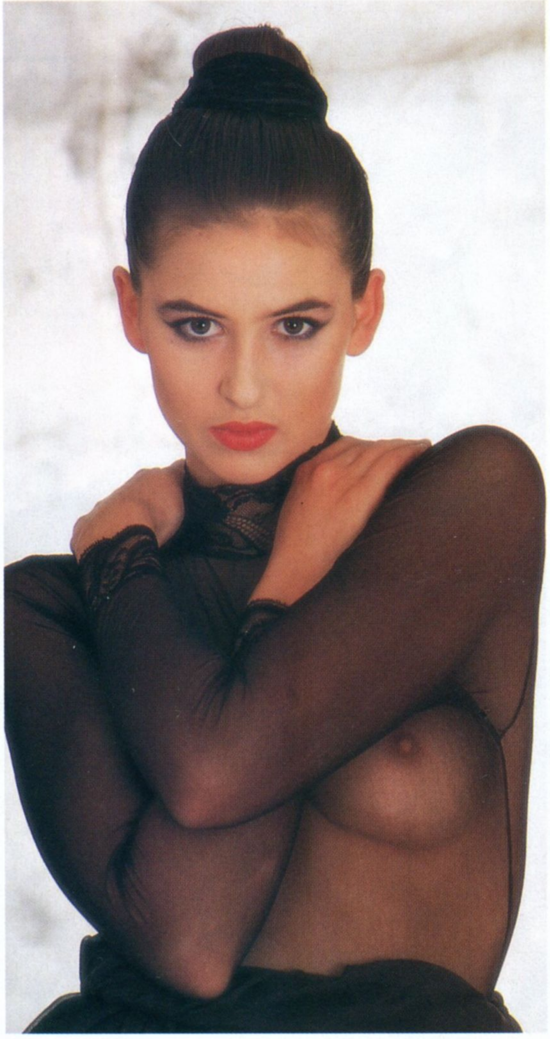
Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

Seeing her snaps here, you might think that Parisian beauty Caroline is a skater. And you'd be wrong.

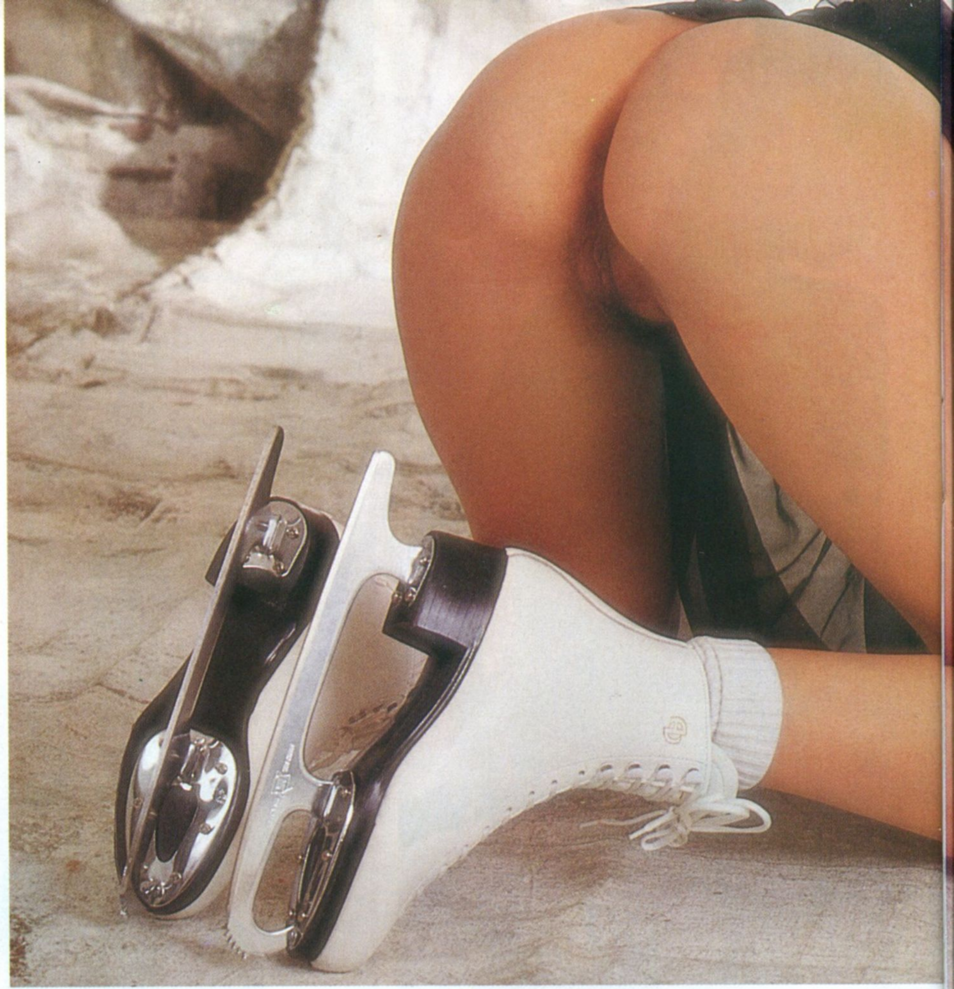
"I can't do it at all," says the 19-year-old. "Dressing like this was the photographer's idea. I prefer to spend my time having a drink in my local bar and sizing up the talent!

"I'm not too keen on Parisian men, though — they're very charming but they're all talk!"

Caroline is currently studying at college in London. "The students are such a randy lot — and they



all seem to love my accent!" she laughs. "They're always 'getting off' with each other. There was a party that turned into an orgy only last week! I got carried away and ended up in the bedroom with two boys. We did the rudest things! What will you English think of us French girls?" Don't worry, Caroline — we won't tell if you won't... ♣



campaign

BLOODY ECU!

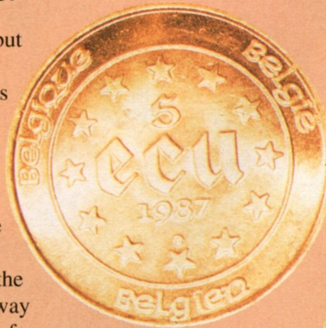
Yet again, the mag with the big tackle tackles the big issues but can't find any new puns.

The Ecu is coming – but are we? No! That's because the boring boffins of Brussels intend to put some stupid 'symbolic' engraving on the Ecu coin when they finally throw out sterling and the quid has to quit.

But why should we let the continental killjoys get away with it? In the new spirit of freedom, cooperation and Eurocrumpet, shouldn't we have something a bit more carnal on our coinage? If you want duff on your dosh, join our campaign for a really hard currency!

Our coin design department has run up a few samples for you to choose from. Would you like your pocket to jangle with Jenny, or would you prefer Wendy to wiggle in your wallet? Would a big chest like Traci's help the treasury, or do you think Sam's rear might stop the economy bottoming out?

We've numbered the options 1, 2, 3 and 4 for those of you who can't read. To vote, just cut out the coin that cajoles your cods and send it in to Kolossal Karnal Koin Komp, Klub International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. To encourage at least one or two people to write in, we'll give a prize of four Club customised Ecus (total value: £0.00) to the first person to tell us why we're so fond of using Ks instead of Cs at the moment. ♣



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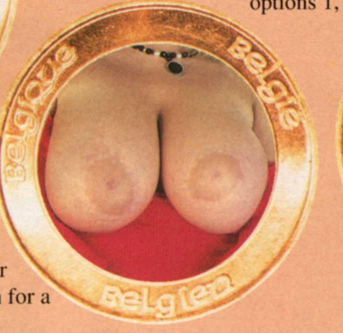
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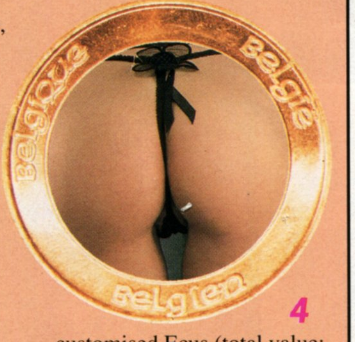

4

IN THE BAG

continued from page 30

mini-dress, and my highest black suede open toed shoes. I looked stylish, professional, outgoing and sexy all in one.

I arrived at the salon and was met by a pretty stylist who directed me to the back of the salon to meet Toni. When I walked through the office door I was slightly taken aback. I had expected Toni to be a man, but here was an elegant lady of around 35-years-old with a great figure and wonderful breasts.

The way that Toni looked me up and down with a sly smile on her lips made it obvious that she fancied me. I never thought I'd go for an older woman, but this lady certainly had something!

"Let's go to the pub for your interview," she said, smiling wickedly and giving me a half-hidden little wink. This sounded fine to me.

In the pub we got on like a house on fire, and after a while Toni suggested that we go back to her flat to 'discuss the job more'. As we were walking her hand reached for mine and though at first it felt a little unusual it was soon like the most natural thing in the world.

Her flat was lovely and we sat in the lounge drinking coffee and chatting when Toni came and sat very close to me and whispered in my ear, "You've got the job, Debbie, and a bonus too if you want." I looked into her eyes, our lips almost touching and replied,"What's my bonus then, Toni?"

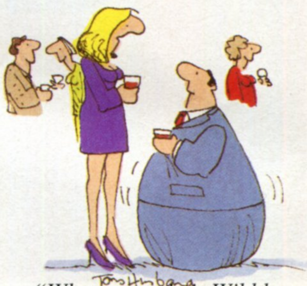
A smile came over Toni's face as she said, "I'm your bonus." With that she kissed me, her soft warm tongue wiggling in my mouth. I went limp and responded to her eager kiss, feeling her hands wander to my breasts.

I felt shots of excitement chill through me as she began to knead my titties, while telling me about how she wanted to lick me out. I responded that I wanted her to and she began to undress me, then herself. My love-juice felt as if it was dripping down my thighs, I was so horny! Toni moved me to the edge of the sofa and parted my legs, lowered her head and kissed my pussy. I wanted more and I urgently rubbed my pussy against her face. Toni opened my lips, then ran her tongue up and down my slit before centering on my clitty. Then suddenly, she plunged her tongue deep inside my wet love tunnel.

Toni was fucking me with her tongue, and I was enjoying it as much as any cock that had fucked me in the past. While she still licked me she began to rub my clitty with her thumb and I couldn't help but have the most exquisite orgasm I've ever experienced, my juices flowing into Toni's mouth. She lapped up every drop of my juice, nuzzling her nose in my pussy hairs to inhale my natural perfume.

Though I was eager, I was a little shy about giving Toni a good tongue-fucking. For

continued on page 98



"Where exactly is Wibbly Wobbly land?"

SPORTING WILLIE OF THE MONTH

We really shouldn't be featuring Will Carling as our Sporting Willie Of The Month this month. "Why?" we hear thousands of you ask. Well, sit down and have a large shot of scotch, because we have some shocking news for you all: Mr Carling and Bill Beaumont, star of this slot last month, are in fact the same person!

The Club Sporting Willie Research Department has compiled a compelling dossier of facts to support this stunning exposé. Consider the following:

a) They both play rugby.
b) They have similar first names.
c) They are both very famous considering they are boring *(Ed's note: This is just a joke. Especially if their lawyers are reading.)*
d) They've never appeared together in public. As far as we know, anyway.
e) They have now both appeared in Club's Willie Of The Month column.

Spooky, huh! ♣

Photographs by Harry Linden

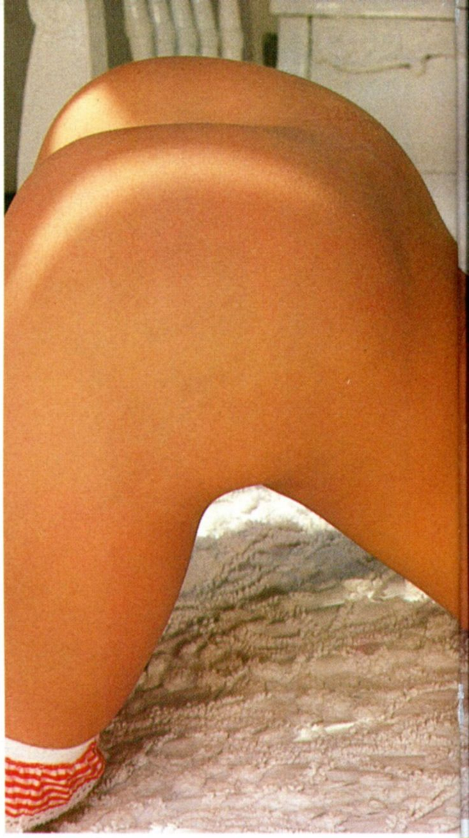
Sarah

Sexy Sarah is one of those gorgeous girls that we at Club pride ourselves on bringing to you every once in a while — the all-new, rude, nude centrefold. The 19-year-old from Manchester is at college studying costume design, but is keen to take time out to further her modelling career.

"To be honest, I was a little bit shy about revealing my all for the camera," confesses Sarah, her pert bum straining against the thin material of her skimpy knickers. "All the girls in the magazine looked very sexy, but then I hit

on an idea to make sure that I looked extra-special for my very first photo-shoot.

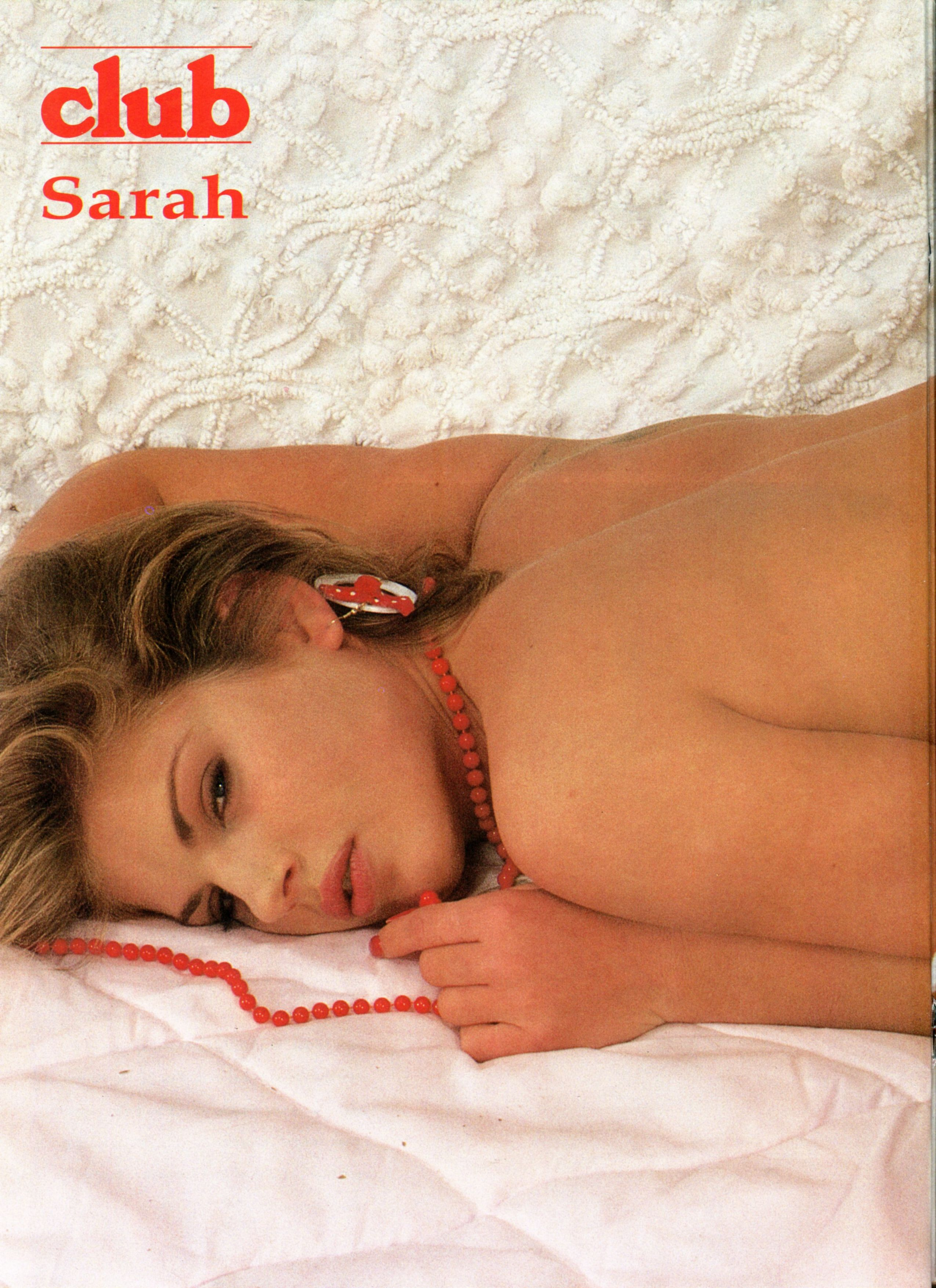
"I invited a few male friends around to my flat and told them I wanted their opinion on some new designs... then I



shamelessly paraded around the room in my kinkiest underwear!

"The fellas didn't know where to look, and I got so turned on that I'm afraid I forgot myself completely. I ended up writhing around on the floor, pushing my bum right in the air and tweaking my nipples! Before I knew it I had my hands down between my legs giving my clitty a good workout... I never knew I could be so naughty!"

Shame on you, Sarah! ♣



GRIPPING YARNS

BIG GUSHER!

Snake Carrion, ball-busting boss of the giant C-Oil corp, was determined to take over the tiny state of El Tonjon. Only one thing stood in his way: a crap plot. A torrid tale of black gold by Derrick Pumper.

From the penthouse office of the towering Hetero Center, Snake Carrion and his right-hand man, Thrust Meat, could see the city of Trollop lying spread-eagled beneath them like a honky-tonk woman gasping for a frenzied game of 'Mr Derrick sinks his drill bit'. In the distance, beyond the Ulsa freeway, lay the oil rich Mata Hari Desert — the cash cow upon which the vast Carrion empire suckled.

Snake turned his hooded eyes to Thrust and nodded. "Mah daddy, 'Big Gusher' Carrion, built this city," he growled. Thrust noticed once again how Snake's black and silver wig wobbled when he spoke. It was the most unrealistic toupée he had ever seen. It made Davey Crockett's coon-skin cap look like a hair-transplant.

Thrust grunted in reply to his master's statement. He was a man of few words. Me, you and rubber-fetish were about half of them.

"Yep," Snake continued, his piebald rug nodding emphatically. "We started up back in '32. Me, Daddy and Ma, living in a one room shack. In them days Daddy was just a plain, honest to goodness 69'er."

"49'er surely, boss?" Thrust rumbled.

"I know what I mean, mister!" Snake Carrion thundered. "We lived in a one room shack. Daddy didn't have no secrets from me." For a moment his cobra-like brow seemed to darken. "None that is," he mumbled, "savin' that one. The one of which Ma knew nothin'."

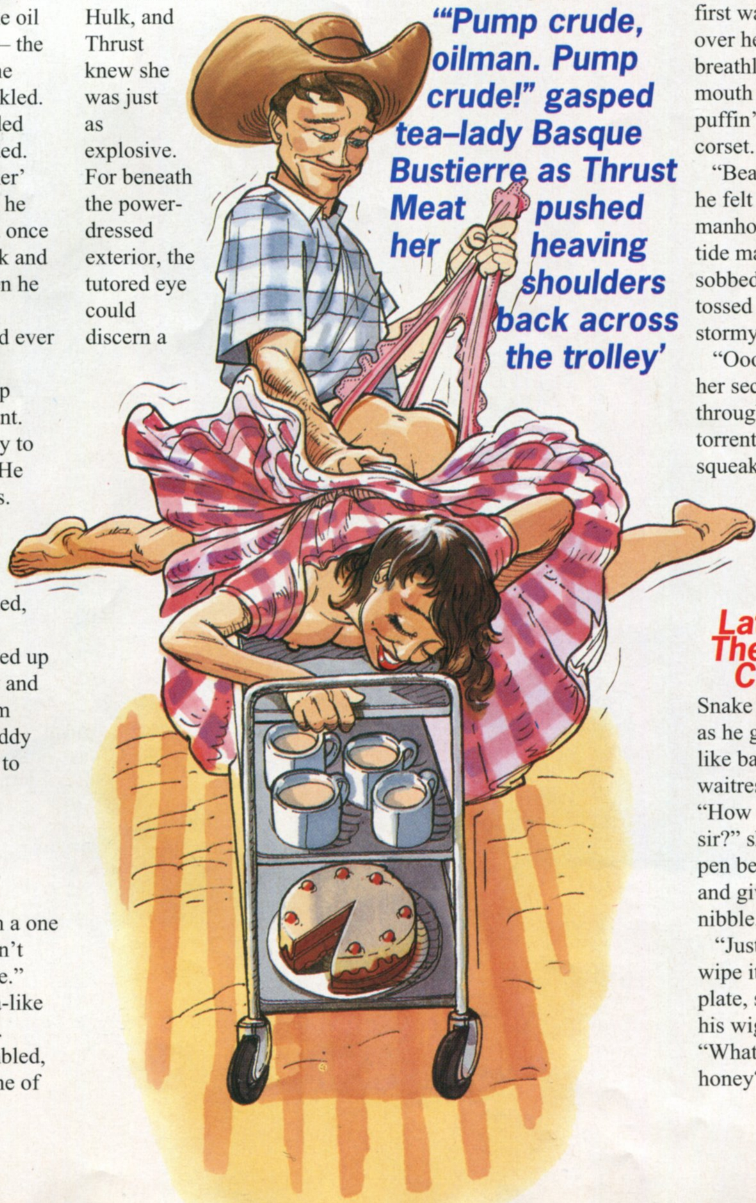
Before he could furnish the details, or even a small love nest in East Acton, the door to the office was pushed open and his wife, Bristols Carrion, lurched into the room. She was wearing a jade green dress with immense shoulder pads. They made her resemble the Incredible Hulk, and Thrust knew she was just as explosive. For beneath the power-dressed exterior, the tutored eye could discern a body that was 110 per cent woman. Breasts that were cantilevered like the roof of an award-winning football stadium; rounded hips; buttocks as firm as a Utah Sunday School teacher. This was a lady with more curves than the Indianapolis 5000 — and a guy could crash on them just as easily.

"Waddaya want in here, Bristols?" Snake snarled. "We Carrion menfolk have always believed that there's only three places a woman should be: in the kitchen, in the nursery, or in a large wooden barrel full of soft fruit. This here's an office!"

Bristols' lips moved in all directions simultaneously. She tottered slightly. Thrust remembered that the word around Trollop had it she treated the bottle as if it was a punch-bag and she was Mike Tyson. She hit it hard and she hit it often.

"Sometimes, Snake," Bristols slurred, "you make me so depressed I feel like running out in the street and throwing myself under a truck driver."

Thrust turned away and glanced at his watch. It was five past three. The story was two minutes old and nobody had had any sex yet. He had to act fast.



'"Pump crude, oilman. Pump crude!" gasped tea–lady Basque Bustierre as Thrust Meat pushed her heaving shoulders back across the trolley'

Thirty Seconds Later.

"Pump crude, oilman. Pump crude!" gasped tea-lady Basque Bustierre as Thrust Meat pushed her heaving shoulders back across the trolley, ripped her pink checked overall asunder with expert fingers and commenced doing something rather unusual with a penguin and a couple of jammy dodgers.

"Oh! Mon amour! My pipeline," she groaned as the first wave of ecstasy crashed over her, leaving her breathless, satiated, with a mouth full of seaweed and a puffin's nest lodged in her corset.

"Beach!" Thrust howled as he felt the silver surf of his manhood begin to hit the high tide mark. "Aaaaargh!" sobbed Basque as she was tossed and pitched upon the stormy ocean of his orgasm.

"Oooooargh!" she cried as her second climax thundered through her like a raging torrent. "Oo-er," she squeaked, as she shot the rapids of sexual pleasure. "I'm beginning to feel a wee bit sea sick."

Later That Day, The Cow Pokers' Club, Trollop.

Snake Carrion licked his lips as he gazed at the balloon-like bazonkers of his waitress, Laci Lingerie. "How d'you want your steak, sir?" she oozed, placing the pen between her parted lips and giving it a suggestive nibble.

"Just whip it off the ranch, wipe its ass and pop it on the plate, sugar," Snake rumbled, his wig wobbled lasciviously. "What time do you get off, honey?" he croaked. Laci sucked on her biro so hard her teeth went blue. "Depends what time I get on," she purred, "and how long you can last."

Carrion's toupée almost turned a somersault. However, before he could take things in hand a gravel voice sounded behind him.

"Snake Carrion I'm a-gonna break you like a plumber breaks a kit-kat." Snake spun in his chair and found himself facing a tall, lean, rangy, lightly tanned figure with stetsons dangling from his arms. As he stared at the stranger the realisation slowly dawned — he had spun the wrong way and was looking at the hat stand.

He turned to his left. "Plonk Henderson," he hissed. "You goddam son-of-a-bitch. Why, I oughta have wiped you and your slimy brood off the face of this Earth the day I found out that the man I called 'brother' was really an illegitimate son of my Ma and your Daddy, whose real name was 'Kevin'. Or the evening I discovered that my old Aunt Skunkgussets was in reality your step-brother's gay lover who'd faked his own death in order to claim the insurance and go off to Brazil for a sex-change operation. And waddabout Fedora Schlurp? The only woman I ever truly loved. She turned out to be your great-uncle Frigger dressed up as Marlene Dietrich with two tangerines for titties!"

"You got it all wrong, Snake," Plonk Henderson growled. "That was the Andersons. I'm the one whose step-nephew (in reality my Moma — badly burned in a plane crash in Morocco and returned to Trollop with plastic surgery, amnesia and a substantial extension in the plumbing department) seduced your illegitimate niece's adopted daughter, Flannel Camisole. Who was, of course, your own..."

"We ain't got time for all that now," Carrion rasped. "State your business, you low-down possum-worrier!"

A maniacal glint flashed in the eye of Plonk Henderson. "I'm gonna bring you to your knees," he barked, "then I'm gonna take C-Oil, the Carrion Baldie-Dome, your football team the Trollop Knee-Tremblers and everything else you own, put it in a sack and lock it away in the

Illustrations by Adam Willis

cupboard under my stairs. So there!"

'"How d'you want your steak, sir?" she oozed, placing the pen between her parted lips and giving it a suggestive nibble'

"You've tried it before," Snake husked, "but you weren't man enough."

"This time it's different," Plonk spat. "I've got the cartel with me."

"Don't think you can frighten me by waving a portable phone in my face," Snake salivated. "Get outta here!"

"You won't talk so big when you know who's heading the cartel," Henderson expectorated. "Donald Rump — the man behind Georgia's Rump Co."

Snake Carrion allowed wrinkles of laughter to play about his eyes. There was so much traffic around these days, if you let 'em play in the street they'd get run over.

"I've been behind Georgia's Rump many times," he gobbed, "but I ain't never seen Donald there. Come on, honey," he gestured to Laci Lingerie, "you got something tender and I wanna fillet. So long Henderson, you loser."

Some Hours Later, The Afternoon Shafting Suite, Wilton Hotel, Trollop.

"That was amazing. Where d'you learn that stuff?" Laci Lingerie gasped, brushing an ornamental carp, two empty yoghurt pots and the rind of a small water melon from the luxuriant contours of her body. "You made me feel like a woman again."

"Go right ahead, honey," Snake gurgled. "Watching lesbian love frolics has always turned me on."

Laci laughed, a husky, throaty, smoky chuckle with just a hint of menthol, that sent her large breasts bouncing against her chest like two big beach balls on a pale pink lilo.

"Hate to leave, maple syrup," Snake said rising from the bed and shaking off a couple of fox tails, two butter wrappers and a highly trained tortoise named Adam, "but I'm afraid I gotta go." He fished his toupée out of the mini-bar and placed it expertly on his head. "Ah!" he crooned, "ain't nothing nicer than a chilled rug."

He dressed quickly. "So long treacle," he burred as he closed the door behind him and stepped out into the corridor.

"But not quite as long as you think, signor!" Laci Lingerie snarled. She reached for the phone.

"Gordon Jose? Si, it is I, Che Kitallabouta. I have placed the device in the hair-piece of the capitalist running terrier of imperialist oppression. In a few hours time he will literally 'flip his wig'! Then the people of our beleaguered homeland, El Tonjon, will be avenged! Hahahahahahahaha!"

One Hour Later, The Hetero Center.

Snake Carrion and Thrust Meat studied the latest geological profiles from the Mata Hari Desert. The shale looked OK, but the basalt had a crooked hooter and a receding chin.

"Any news from El Tonjon?" Snake rasped.

"Glint Hughes says he's got problems with the locals," Thrust gruffed. "Some goddam pinko revolutionary scum are wandering around telling them they shouldn't swap their entire country and its oil-rich territorial waters for three Hershey bars and a bottle of Ninja Turtle bubble bath."

Snake thought for a second. "Reckon now's the time to throw in the Aerosmith tour t-shirts?" Thrust laughed. "Sure," he croaked, "but don't give 'em all three at once."

"Better get a message over there immediately," Snake grunted dynamically. He pressed the intercom. A woman answered.

"Fax Hughes," Snake rumbled.

"And bollocks to you too," replied the secretary.

Thirty Minutes Later, South Pork Ranch.

Snake manoeuvred his Poontang Superthruster expertly into the garage. His Daddy, Big Gusher Carrion, had always told him that a car was like a woman — you should keep 'em well oiled, trade 'em in regularly, know when to put your foot down and rub their big end with bovril twice weekly. He never had understood what Daddy had meant by that last one.

As he stepped from the car a gruff voice called out to him. "Hiya, son." He looked around. It couldn't be! But yes... yes it was... it was Big Gusher. It was his daddy!

What had happened? A thousand thoughts rushed through his mind. Perhaps Big Gusher had discovered he was suffering from an incurable disease and so had faked his death in order to save the family from undue worry, whilst he travelled around the world seeking a cure?

Or had he been plucked from the blazing wreckage of the plane by aliens who wished to use his expert knowledge to prospect for oil on their own distant planet?

Maybe he had simply been brought back to life by some miraculous new medical process known only to the TV Company and a handful of scriptwriters?

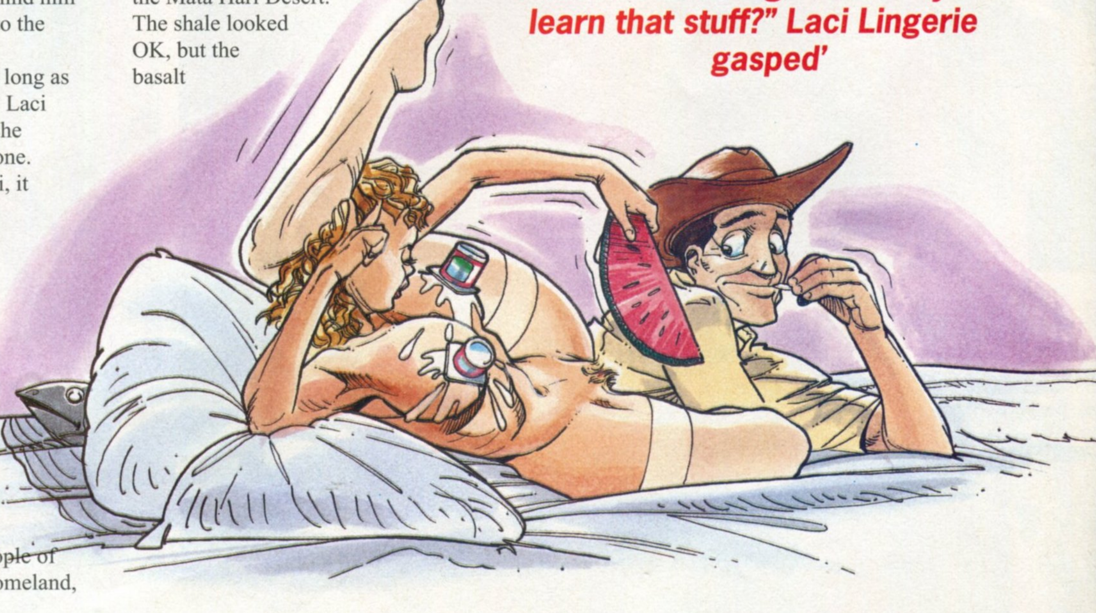
Snake wanted the answer, but as he stepped forward to greet his long lost father an explosion rent the air. He felt a burning sensation on his scalp. The booming of the bomb had left his ears ringing... ringing... ringing...

"Honey, ain't you gonna ever wake up and switch off that alarm?" It was Bristols. Snake opened his eyes and looked around him. He was in bed at South Pork. He raised his hand and touched his toupée. It was still there! He grunted roughly to himself and looked at the clock. 7.30 am. A sardonic smile spread across his face. It had all been a terrible dream.

Or had it?

(If you're trying to set up a sequel, you can forget it. — The Ed.) ♣

'"That was amazing. Where d'you learn that stuff?" Laci Lingerie gasped'



teri

Teri looks like the kind of gorgeous girl that we all love to dream about — and the receptionist from London has got quite a few naughty dreams of her own...

"I do seem to spend most of my time in my very own little fantasy world," confesses the naughty 19-year-old, slowly running a hand down over her pert breasts. "My boss at work is forever calling me into his office and telling me off about it. I reckon he'd have a fit if he knew exactly what I was thinking

Photographs by Jack Harrison

about all day, I can tell you!"

Dare we ask you, Teri?

"Well, there a really cute looking post-boy in the office downstairs," reveals Teri, coyly. "I can just imagine going down there in my smart business suit, then slowly peeling it all off to reveal my kinkiest underwear!

"He'd sweep me off my feet, then we'd both head back to my place for an extended lunch hour between the sheets!"

Say no more, Teri! ♣

TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Affair Aware

During the last three months or so I became suspicious that my boyfriend Gavin was having an affair. I became aware of the signs; he'd never want to have sex, he'd come home late and one night when we actually did have sex he whispered another woman's name!

Gavin's affair was having an upsetting effect on me for a number of reasons, the main one being that my pussy was being ignored while some bimbo was getting my boyfriend's cock on a regular basis. Something had to be done.

So one day I decided that I'd had enough — I had to know who she was and what she had that I didn't. Gavin came home late again that night, and as he crawled into bed, scared of waking me, I said, "I'm awake, Gavin. Now don't bullshit me, who are you shagging and why?"

Gavin admitted it, but said that it was a purely sexual relationship. I wanted him to describe her. First of all he was a bit shy, but I insisted, and as he began I realised why he couldn't resist her: she sounded gorgeous. In fact I couldn't work out whether I was more jealous or turned on by the thought of them.

"Her name's Bonnie," said Gavin, looking guilty. "She's got long dark curly hair, big brown eyes, rose-bud lips and olive skin."

"I want to meet her," I said. Gavin's mouth dropped and he looked absolutely horrified at the idea.

"Why?" he asked.

"I want to meet my competition in person," I stated and Gavin knew better than to argue. When I want my own way I always get it!

So Gavin organised for Bonnie to come around the next night and quickly explained to her on the phone that I knew all about her.

When she knocked on the door I began to tremble in anticipation. Gavin went to answer it, and as she walked into the living-room I almost gasped out aloud. She was even more sexy and gorgeous than I had imagined — no wonder Gavin had been having an affair with her!

"I'm really sorry about what's happened," said Bonnie before I had a chance to say anything.

"I don't blame him at all Bonnie — you're irresistible. In fact I'd have a hard time trying to resist you if you seduced me," I said, my mind thinking wicked thoughts.

Bonnie looked at Gavin, who was looking at me stunned. "Are you saying what I think you're saying?" asked Gavin. I nodded my head slowly and watched Bonnie approach me.

Her fingers ran through my hair as she stood before me, her breasts right in front of my face. I touched them, my hand quivering slightly as my fingertips pressed the soft flesh. I really wanted to get my lips around her nipples so I undid the buttons of her shirt, unclipped her bra and almost lost control as her full breasts fell free. I clasped my lips around the right breast, sucking with passion and licking the nipple that was stiff and hard in my mouth.

Bonnie gave a satisfied moan, her fingernails digging into my head with each lick that I gave her. Though this was all new territory to me it seemed that instinct took over as I pulled her lycra skirt and panties down, made her stand with her legs spread and buried my face in her pussy.

I wasn't hesitant about my first taste. My fingers opened her shaven, smooth love-lips and my tongue found her clitty which grew stiff as I gave it good, hard licks. If I had thought that Bonnie was being vocal before then I was a fool. Her shouts and cries were probably heard in Australia, and I felt so powerful to think that I was the one that was causing all this commotion.

Bonnie's juice began to dribble down my chin so I quickly moved my tongue deep inside her hole as I was desperate to have my first taste of pussy juice. It certainly was different from spunk; sweeter and not as thick in texture.

As I looked up from Bonnie's pussy I noticed Gavin was looking decidedly uncomfortable whilst sitting on the lounge chair. His cock

was pressed against his trousers and I could see a trace of his pre-come staining the material.

"I think Gavin's feeling a bit funny," I said to Bonnie.

"Maybe you should un-funny him," she replied, giggling.

I knew exactly what would make Gavin feel part of the group — my lips around his prick! "C'mon Gavin," I said, "get your cock out!"

Apprehensively at first, Gavin undid his flies and pulled down his underpants. His seven-inch prick sprang out, throbbing and ready for some action. I knelt down in front of him and darted my tongue out, teasing him, giving the taut skin flicks and licks — and then I felt Bonnie tugging at my skirt. Excitement shuddered through my body as I realised that she wanted to see my own freshly shaven pussy.

It was difficult to concentrate on giving Gavin's cock the attention it deserved when I could sense that Bonnie's face was just inches away from my cunt, and when she sank her tongue deep inside me I gasped loudly, letting almost all seven inches of his prick enter my mouth.

"Suck it!" I heard Gavin say, unable to control himself for much longer, and gathering what self control I had left I pursed my lips around his prick and began sucking it fast. All the while Bonnie was giving my cunt a licking like I had never believed possible. How could one tongue make a girl feel so good?

Gavin's cock was almost bursting out of its skin and I sensed that any second now spunk was going to come shooting down my throat. I steadied myself and sure enough what felt like a gallon or so poured inside me, making my body tremble.

As I swallowed Gavin's spunk I could feel Bonnie's tongue licking harder than ever on my clit. She knew that he'd come his load, so now she wanted me to come too... but I had other ideas! I knew Gavin had some spunk left, and I couldn't wait to see him shoot it up Bonnie like I knew he'd been doing all these months. But first of all I had to turn him on again...

Letting Gavin's cock fall from my mouth I turned around and kissed Bonnie full on the lips, letting her savour the taste of his spunk. After a long, passionate snog I whispered in her ear, "Come on — let's put on a show for him!" She smiled and nodded.

Bonnie hadn't come yet, and I could see from her eyes she was so randy she'd agree to anything. I pushed her back on the floor and positioned my body over hers, with my head over her crotch and my pussy hovering over her mouth. She didn't waste any time before resuming the sucking she was giving me! Her tongue flicked hard and fast over my clit and her fingers slipped into my wet pussy — first one, then two, pumping in and out. I was so close to coming, I could hardly concentrate enough to pleasure her pussy in return, but I managed to lean down and run my tongue along her cunt lips. God, did she love that! Her hips bucked and she began to moan, "God, I'm about to come! Keep doing that... keep licking me... do my pussy!"

I was more than happy to help her out, but I'd reckoned without Gavin: he'd been so turned on by our horny show that his cock was harder than ever! As I started to lower my mouth onto her swollen clitty Gavin's seven inches appeared in front of my eyes!

"Do you mind if I fuck her?" he asked eagerly from above me.

Did I mind?! No way! I didn't bother to answer, but grasped hold of his cock and gently pulled it towards her gaping pussy. She was so wet it slid in easily, inch by inch disappearing up her hole.

This was it — I was in sex heaven! My pussy was being given a good hard tongue-lashing while my boyfriend's swollen cock was humping a fanny just inches from my face. I'd been holding back my orgasm for a long time, but I knew I couldn't last much longer now!

To add that final bit of kinkiness I managed to stretch out my tongue and lick Bonnie's swollen clit. Her hips bucked furiously and I could feel her tremble as she came.

"Stick your fingers up my pussy, Bonnie," I moaned. "Make me come!" She didn't hesitate for an instant. She finger-fucked me hard, and as my orgasm exploded through me Gavin pulled his cock out of Bonnie and shot a hot load all over her open fanny, splashing my chin with hot spunk at the same time.

The power of that orgasm was amazing and all three of us lay around the rest of the night talking about our fantasies and discussing how great sex between the three of us was.

Bonnie is now a great friend of Gavin and I. I'm Gavin's main partner and Bonnie is our 'bit on the side', which is a very amicable agreement. I mean, how can we complain when both our pussies and Gavin's cock are getting such fantastic action! — *Patsy, Gloucester*

Blue Hotel

For the last five years I've been working as a cleaner in a hotel. Not the most glamorous of jobs I agree, but I enjoy working by myself and it's easy. Some of our customers are really messy, many often leave things behind that they shouldn't, but the other week

CLEAVAGE CLIMAX
0898 224 268

CUM WEAR MY KNICKERS
0898 224 273

CLIMAX ON MY STOCKINGS
0898 224 272

HOT PUSSY IN PVC
0898 224 274

SHARE MY SEXY CLOTHES
0898 224 271

WEAR MY PANTIES AFTER ME!!! 0898 224 277

MASTURBATE WHILE I WATCH 0898 224 278

HIS SISTERS PANTIES
0898 224 270

CROSS DRESS FOR SEX
0898 224 276

LET ME DRESS YOU DIRTY 0898 224 275

I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH!! 0898 224 281

FANCY SOMETHING DIFFERENT? CALL ME...
0898 224 252

Caught talking dirty
0898 224 250

TAKE OFF MY WET PANTIES!!
0898 224 253

Pussy eaters!
0898 224 287
Spurts of love
0898 224 293
Gobble girls
0898 224 295
Lesbian's 1st time
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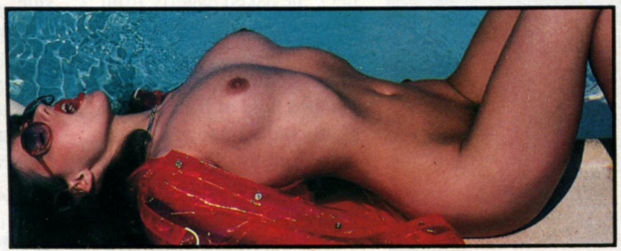

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somebody left something that I had a lot of interest in...

As I was changing the sheets I noticed a magazine half-hidden beneath the bed. I picked it up and saw that it was a copy of Club. Of course I'd seen magazines like this on the top shelf in the newsagents, but I'd never actually looked inside one before. When I opened the pages I was at first shocked, then turned on by what I saw.

These girls were so sexy that even I was attracted to them and when I read the letters and confessions I was surprised by what people got up to in bed. My husband Derek and I have been married for three years and had both been virgins until our wedding night. Sex was pretty much him climbing on top of me, pumping for a few minutes, then rolling off.

I'd heard of orgasms but I thought I was incapable of having them. I'd never masturbated but as I read an extra-saucy letter I felt a tingling in my knickers that I'd never felt before. I went and locked the door, then pulled my panties down and sat on the bed so I could see myself in the mirror.

I compared my own pussy to the girl in the magazine's, inspecting my folds, then checking hers. My finger 'accidentally' brushed against my clitty and as I watched, it appeared from its home, red and bursting to be played with.

I gently touched it again and wonderful feelings tingled through my body. I became more adventurous, pressing it harder, then rubbing my index finger against it. The feeling inside my stomach was like being on a roller-coaster ride, and it was then that I realised I was experiencing my first orgasm!

I wondered what it would feel like to plunge my fingers in and out of my now soaking hole whilst still playing with my clitty. As I tried it my orgasms built and I was gasping aloud as these amazing feelings shot through me. I closed my eyes, laid back on the bed and pumped my own pussy for ages, coming again and again, gasping with the pleasure of it. I'd really just discovered sex and I didn't want to stop!

I decided then and there that I had to show this to my husband Derek. He was either going to be shocked or, I hoped, as turned on as me!

On the way home I stopped at a lingerie shop and bought myself some sexy underwear. I wanted it to be just like my favourite model in the magazine was wearing: cream lacy knickers and bra, with a classy silk suspender belt and sheer nylon stockings, and a flimsy negligee. I even sneaked a look at her spread in the shop to make sure I got the outfit just right!

I tried the outfit on in the shop, and as I stripped off my sensible white knickers and pulled on all this naughty underwear and admired myself in the mirror my pussy began to get wet again.

Once home I had a perfumed bath, washed my hair, set it and dressed in the negligee. I applied my make-up more carefully than usual and when I looked in the mirror I was quite shocked by what stared back — an attractive young woman, with a curvy figure, and, dare I say it, as sexy as almost any model in your magazine!

I heard the front door open and waited a second until I heard Derek call out my name. Then I sauntered slowly down the stairs. As Derek looked up his face was worth a thousand words, the main being that he was horny! I'd never seen him look like that before, but I recognised it because I had been looking like it all day.

"Look what I found at work today," I said, holding out the copy of Club.

Derek took one look at it and said, "I've seen it before — I buy it every month."

My mouth dropped open and I asked why he had never told me. He replied that he was scared that I'd be annoyed with him for looking at other girls.

"Annoyed!" I smiled. "I wouldn't have been annoyed Derek. As a matter of fact, it makes me horny, and if you read this magazine then you must know what that is!"

Derek gave me a smile back and sat me on the couch. "I do now," he whispered, kissing me fully, unlike the little pecks that we usually exchanged. Our tongues entwined and I realised how much I actually enjoyed kissing somebody as our thick tongues explored each other's mouths.

My hand reached down to Derek's trousers, undid his zip, pulled his cock out of the front of his boxers and gently squeezed his bulging prick. It felt different than usual, almost as if it was going to burst out of its skin, and as I rubbed my hand along the length it jerked and throbbed every so often.

Our kisses were becoming more urgent now and I was rubbing my breasts against his chest, feeling juices swirl out of my cunt.

"Come on — fuck me!" Derek gasped. "I need to feel your cunt sliding up and down my cock! Take my prick inside you... now!"

The words that Derek was saying were shocking me, yet making me so randy I could have burst. I quickly knelt over his cock, pushed my panties to one side, opened my pussy lips and slid down onto his prick, sighing loudly as each inch filled my cunt.

Derek and I had never tried any position other than the missionary one and I was a little unsteady as I moved up and down while his cock fucked me. My breasts were jiggling around madly, fighting against the restrain of my sexy bra. Derek didn't even bother to unclip the bra; he just ripped it open from the front and started sucking my titties like they were filled with delicious juice.

My first orgasm with Derek happened at this point and it was even more intense than the one I had had earlier that day in the hotel room — and was quickly followed by another! Derek gave a loud grunt and I felt my pussy fill up with warm creamy spunk.

We both lay there afterwards talking about what had happened and how wonderful it was. Our sex-life has improved leaps and bounds thanks to Club. I even think I might like to pose for your mag one day, but for now I'll just keep on posing for Derek! — *Martha, Newquay*

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

Hair Enough!

Hi, my name's Donna, and I'm usually quite a shy girl; but something so horny happened to me recently that I just have to tell you all about it.

It all started when my boyfriend John got promoted in his job, and booked us a table in a very smart restaurant to celebrate. I went on a shopping spree and bought myself a sexy new outfit, complete with saucy underwear to give him a special treat at the end of the night. And then, to add the finishing touch, I went to get my long, curly hair done.

In keeping with the occasion, I went to the fanciest, most expensive hairdresser I could find — the kind of exclusive little salon where they call you madam and bring you cups of tea every few minutes. The stylists were all very attractive too — especially the one who was doing my hair!

I always used to fancy women a bit, though I've never had a proper lesbian experience — only a bit of a kiss and cuddle with a close college friend. Since I'd been with John I'd thought that was all over; but suddenly, looking at Cathy, I wasn't quite so sure...

I could smell her perfume as she leant over me, and the warmth of her body was making me feel pretty randy. I'm sure she realised too, because she kept smiling sexily at me, and telling me how great I looked.

The only trouble was, I couldn't think how to make the next move, and the frustration of it was making my damp pussy ache like crazy. I couldn't believe my luck when Cathy handed me a business card, saying, "I work at home, too... for special customers. Give me a call if there's anything else I can do for you. This is my home number." The slight pressure on my hand as I took the card from her left me in no doubt what she meant, and by the time I got home I was so horny from thinking about how it would feel to have her lick my cunt that I had to strip off and frig myself in front of the mirror till I came.

I tried to resist temptation for a couple of days — after all, I wasn't quite sure how John would react if he knew I was contemplating having sex with another woman! — but in the end I gave in and phoned Cathy, just as she'd known I would all along. Her voice sounded so horny over the phone! She agreed to come around that very evening, to give me some of her 'personal attention' — and I couldn't wait to find out exactly what that would involve!

By the time Cathy arrived I was dressed for sex — wearing nothing but my towelling robe, and a sexy backless white teddy underneath. John always gets really horny when he sees me in that, and I was hoping it would have the same effect on Cathy!

She said she'd give me a manicure 'to start with', and I was very conscious of her soft hands on mine as she did it. By the time she'd finished my nipples were rock hard and throbbing, and my pussy was so wet I was sure I must be making a damp patch on the seat.

"You look very hot and flushed," Cathy suddenly said. "Perhaps you should take your robe off."

"Mmm, perhaps I should," I said lightly, hoping my voice wouldn't tremble, as I stood up and slid the robe off my shoulders, letting it fall to the ground.

Cathy seemed dumbstruck for a moment as she gazed at my slim, tanned body in the clinging white satin. I knew my nipples were standing right out through it, and I couldn't resist pinching and rubbing them to make them throb even more. Cathy watched me in frank admiration, and that brought out my exhibitionist streak even more! Standing over her, I started to run my hands down from my boobs towards my pussy. Her expression was one of pure lust, and that drove me on to be even dirtier. I spread my legs wide and pulled the crotch of the teddy aside so she had a great view as I parted my plump pussy lips and began to massage my clitty with my fingertips. I saw Cathy's hands creep between her thighs to rub herself as she watched me slide one finger all the way along my juicy slit, then offer it to her to lick. Her tongue eagerly lapped at my pussy juice-coated finger, and that first taste of me obviously made her hungry for more. Hands on my hips, she pulled me up against her so she could reach my creamy cunt with her mouth.

I gasped as her hot tongue brushed against my clitty, sending tremors of excitement through my whole body. Then, her thumb on my clitty to keep up the pressure, she plunged her tongue inside my cunt. Almost at once, my pussy walls gripped her tongue in spasms as I started to come. The thought of doing something so dirty with this girl had me dripping with juice which she licked up like it was the sweetest thing she'd ever tasted.

Once I'd calmed down a little, I stripped Cathy down to her body-hugging purple underwear and slid a couple of fingers into her smooth-shaven snatch. I wasn't surprised to find her very wet, and I found the sight of my fingers disappearing between her hairless pussy lips so erotic I had to keep fingering myself as I brought her off.

As soon as Cathy had come noisily, yelling my name, I asked her about shaving her pussy, and she said she'd been doing it for ages.

"It makes sex fantastic," she explained. "I can feel my husband's cock so much better, and he loves licking all over my mound too."

I imagined a guy shoving his cock between those smooth, naked pussy lips, and decided at once that I wanted mine done too. Cathy agreed to help, and we went into the bathroom so she could shave me. I could hardly keep still as she spread foam over my whole pussy mound, it felt so good. Then she began to shave me with long, firm strokes. Halfway through I had to ask her to stop and finger-fuck me again, I was getting so horny! Finally she finished it, and as she rinsed off the rest of the foam I admired my newly naked cunt in the mirror.

"Let's go into the bedroom, and I'll rub in some cream," Cathy said. So a few minutes later there I was, lying naked and spreadeagled on the bed as Cathy smoothed cream

over my pussy mound, slipping a finger or two inside me every now and then to keep me really hot.

Suddenly I heard the front door open. John wasn't supposed to be coming home till late, but evidently his plans had changed — and now he'd find out what I'd been up to! I looked at Cathy, a bit panic-stricken, but she just smiled and said, "Boy, has he got a horny surprise waiting for him upstairs!" And she lowered her head to my cunt again, so when John came into the room a few minutes later he found me being licked out by my horny new friend. I was getting pretty close to coming, so all I could manage was a strangled "hello!" as John stood there with his mouth open.

After I'd come again, squeezing my boobs to intensify the horny sensations, Cathy looked up and said,"Hi, you must be John. Donna told me you had plenty of staying-power in bed, so today you've got two of us to keep you happy."

John looked like all his Christmases had come at once as he wriggled out of his jeans. His big cock was already hard, and Cathy looked impressed as she closed one hand around the base of his shaft and pulled him by it onto the bed.

"See how sexy Donna's pussy looks," she murmured as I got on my hands and knees so John could see my shaven cunt.

"Wow!" he exclaimed, and then I felt the firm, blunt end of his cock rub all over my naked mound, spreading my juice everywhere, before the full length of his rod slid inside me. Sex with John has always been great, but I seemed to feel each stroke more clearly and sensitively than ever before. His hands were roving all over my bare pussy, fingering my clitty and stroking my plump lips, as he pumped into me like a man possessed.

Meanwhile, Cathy was lying on her back in front of me, legs spread so I could watch her finger herself.

"There's a vibrator in the bedside cabinet," I managed to croak, and she smiled gratefully at me as she reached over for it. Then I was treated to the sight of her slowly and carefully sliding ten inches of hard dildo into her cunt as John filled me up with his meat.

"Spray your spunk all over me," I told him. "I want you two to lick it up off my bare skin." That was all the urging he needed, and almost at once he pulled his cock out and shot a flood of thick white spunk all over my bum, thighs and pussy. In seconds Cathy was behind me, and the pair of them were licking me all over, Cathy wriggling under me to suck my nipples and lick my pussy while John spread his own cream all over my bum cheeks. Seeing Cathy and I rolling around together soon got him hard again, and he asked if I'd mind him fucking Cathy's shaven pussy too.

I told him I wouldn't mind — to tell the truth, I couldn't think of anything more exciting than watching my boyfriend's cock fill another girl's cunt. John lay on his back and Cathy straddled him, holding her smooth pussy lips apart as she sank down inch by inch onto his rigid pole. When he was right inside her, she started to ride him hard but slowly, lifting right up on every stroke so I could see his cock glistening with her pussy juice.

John pulled me over him so he could lick my cunt while Cathy rode his cock, and she reached around to play with my boobs as his tongue darted in and out of me. He licked all around my bare pussy lips and mound, touching every sensitive spot until I was squirming and coming over and over again. Then Cathy started to come too, and as she reached her peak she yelled out to John to fill her cunt up with spunk. I felt him shudder as his cock pumped cream into her.

Cathy lay on her back as John and I took turns to lick his come out of her pussy, and she told us how horny her husband would get when she described the scene for him later. It turned out that she made a habit of fucking her sexiest clients, and half the thrill for her was talking about it later and seeing how excited it got her husband.

Once she said she even made him come just by telling him how it felt to lick another girl's cunt.

Of course, John and I suggested she should go one better, and ask him to join in a foursome with us. She loved the idea as much as we did — so I promise I'll write and tell you all about it, as soon as it happens! — *Donna, Hampshire*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

All Tied Up!

My flatmate and I are both pretty randy, and I think you could say that we're more than a little kinky into the bargain. You wouldn't believe some of the things we get up to behind the closed doors of our flat, and in the three years that we've been lovers we've grown to know exactly what the other likes and how far we can take things.

Linda is a busty redhead who just can't get enough sex even if she has 30 orgasms a day. I like to take things a bit slower, but the orgasms that Linda gives me are much more intense, so much so that I can make do with 11 or 12 a day instead! And I don't want to give you the impression that we're just a couple of lesbians either — with us, anything goes, male or female. And the more, the merrier!

As I said, Linda and I have been experimenting for the three years that we've been lovers and flatmates, and I thought your readers might like to hear about one particular episode which really spiced up our sex life. We'd been feeling a bit stale as we hadn't enjoyed any of our refreshing group sex sessions or threesomes for a while, so when Linda announced that she'd met a new lover while she was out playing with the local ladies darts team, I was really impatient for the time when she brought her home.

Imagine my surprise when she turned up with this strapping six-foot fella!

It really made me do a double-take, I can tell you. I'd just assumed that Linda's new lover was female, though she'd given me no clues either way — she wanted to keep me in suspense for the threesome that she'd obviously planned right from the start. Norman was about 28, with a really well-developed body, short cropped hair and really piercing grey eyes that made my pussy juice up right away. The way he looked at my lithe body and eyed the way my long blonde hair just skimmed the tips of my pert little boobs made me certain that underneath his smart baggy trousers his cock was getting hard, rampantly waiting to ease its way up into my hot, wet snatch.

"Norm's been dying to meet you," Linda told me, grinning as she started to get undressed, shrugging off her sheer white nylon blouse. Underneath she was wearing one of those quarter-cup bras that just showed off her huge boobs and enormous pink nipples. I could almost see them throbbing as she watched Norm eyeing me up, the tart! "I've told him all about our little group games, and he's really fascinated. How about we show him the rules?"

I knew what that meant, and Linda was ready for it, fully undressed now except for her high heels and sprawled on her back on the bed, her arms hanging on to the bedhead and her pussy exposed for Norm and I to see. I loved the way the folds of her cunt looked all pink and wet, and already her nipples were jutting towards the ceiling in anticipation.

"You just watch, Norm," Linda panted to him, "and we'll show you what real women do to each other."

I stripped myself then, taking off every stitch of clothing that I was wearing, the last items to be removed being my sheer silky stockings and suspender belt. Then I picked up one of the black stockings and gently wrapped it around Linda's wrists so that her hands were bound to the bedhead railings which she was gripping. I never tie it tight, but Linda and I both really get off on a little light bondage, so long as it's between friends!

I could see that Norm did too, as his hard cock was making a tent of the front of his trousers, and I could hear his clothing rustling as he stripped off behind me, and no doubt he started wanking then. But all I could concentrate on was what I was going to do to Linda.

She just lay there waiting for the attentions of my tongue, and I plunged it deeply inside her, tasting the wet juices immediately as I licked her out. Linda couldn't move her arms so she wasn't able to touch me or herself — and that was what she loved about this whole situation. The feeling of being totally at my mercy turns her on so much that her cunt floods with juice, which I really love to lap up.

I held my body above hers so that there was no skin contact except for where my tongue touched her clitty and cunt folds, and it was driving Linda wild. She loves it when I tease her like this, and the bondage is all part of this. It wasn't long before she was coming powerfully, her toes curling and a stream of filthy talk coming from her lips.

"Tease me, Teri, really lick my little cunny hard. Lick my clit while Norm watches — you're really getting off on this, aren't you Norm? Go on, wank over me while she licks my pussy." She couldn't control herself, and the final orgasm she had before collapsing back on to the bed, exhausted, made her arch her back right off the mattress, her mouth wide open in a silent scream of ecstasy.

I'd been fingering my own clitty as I'd been giving Linda a good tongue work-out, and my own juices were trickling out between my thighs, making my skin shine and my cunt feel all hot and horny. And that feeling was improved when I felt a hot spurt of come hitting my

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naked buttocks from behind, Norm obviously having wanked off at the sight of mine and Linda's double lesbian show. I love the feeling of sticky spunk on my skin, and so I reached around behind me and rubbed it slowly into my buttocks, tasting some of it on my fingers as an extra little treat for Norm and Linda. They both stared at me: I think Norman could hardly believe I was behaving like such a dirty slut, but I loved it.

Surprisingly, Norm's thick cock didn't seem to go down despite the torrent of spunk he'd just unleashed on my bottom. He still stood there, his cock semi-hard, waiting eagerly for what was going to happen next.

Linda slipped out of her loose bonds, her cunny dripping her juices as she stood up. "I think we know what he wants, don't you, Teri?" she asked me.

Norm took the hint and lay down on the bed, spreading his legs and stretching his arms out, so that his muscular chest was shown in all its full glory and his swollen balls were stretched to almost bursting point. His cock was totally stiff again now, the red end bobbing up and down with even the slightest movement. The look on his face showed eager expectation.

"Tie me up!" he begged. "I want to be tied up!"

I grabbed the stocking that I'd used to leash Linda and tied it around Norm's wrists so that they were shackled to the bedhead rails, while Linda used my other stocking to fix his feet to the foot of the bed. We didn't tie him tightly, of course, as it was all in fun, but I could tell that the idea of bondage was really making his balls swell.

"Have you done this before, you naughty boy?" Linda chided him.

"No, but I've always liked the idea of being dominated," he panted as he arched his hips up off the bed, almost coming just at the thought of what we were going to do to him next.

"Let's get to it then," Linda instructed me.

We teased him utterly mercilessly, Linda dangling her tiny panties over his face first, so that he could smell her cunt juice but the touch and taste of the real thing remained out of his reach. I satisfied my part of the bargain by crouching above him on the bed, letting my nipples gently brush against his chest, thighs and balls, giving him the chance to get even more aroused before I moved them away, and dangling my boobs right above his mouth so that the nipples were just out of reach of his eager lips.

Norm was writhing with ecstatic frustration, his balls slapping against my bottom as he reared up, while Linda was still rubbing her panties all over his body, the silky material making him break out in goosebumps. I could see that although he'd only come a few minutes before, he was having trouble holding all his come back. I had to get that cock inside my snatch before any of it was wasted.

Hovering astride him, I looked right into his eyes, silently giving him the message of exactly what he was going to get from me as I reached down with my fingers, spread my cunt lips wide and sat down right on top of his tool.

As I sank down onto it, it felt as if every millimetre of my tight pussy hole was being penetrated by the thick hot meat, and I couldn't stop myself from writhing wildly on top of him, pulling upwards so that his cock was almost out of me, then sinking right back down until he was almost fucking me in half. I don't think I've ever enjoyed such a thorough fucking as that, and I was well away in my own little world, playing with my clitty for extra stimulation as Norm lay underneath me, helpless and unable to touch me or himself, just lying back and revelling in the delicious riding that I was giving him.

I should have known that Linda wouldn't be left out of the picture for long, and it was after I'd come about three times and Norm was grunting with the effort to hold back his come, his fingers curling on the bedhead rails, that I suddenly felt Linda crouching behind me, also astride Norm, her large boobs pressing into my back, and her right index finger pushing its way up inside my cunt to thrust into me in the same rhythm as Norm's cock.

What a delicious feeling! I could hardly breathe, my orgasms were coming so hard, and the friction of Linda's boobs on my back was driving me crazy. I felt Norm's first hot spurts inside me and yelled out loud, "He's coming in me, Linda!" to warn her.

She didn't let me enjoy his spunking for long though, telling me to move out of the way while he was still coming so that I could watch her crouching over his shooting cock, holding her cunt lips open to let the final white globs spray up right inside her. I wish I'd had a camera so that we could have sent you some pictures of that gushing cock, it was such a beautiful sight.

When we'd unshackled Norm he could hardly move for almost an hour, he was so knackered, and we treated him to an all-over massage with some of our special oils, which threatened to have him shooting his load all over again, but we refused to let him, telling him to hold it in for the next time.

And he was certainly as good as his word. He now returns every week to satisfy both Linda and myself with his lovely thick tool, and he lets us have full rein with our domination fantasies, always insisting that we tie him up with bits of our clothing. I can't believe he's the only bloke out there who enjoys that kind of thing either... — *Teri, York* ♣

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A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE FOR ALL READERS:

A Fiona Wright National Press Report Update

MO DIVISION, F.W. , 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

Fiona Wright investigates..

ADULT TOYS TO TURN YOU ON

I've tested the best

I GET thousands of letters each week from my loyal, horny readers requesting information on the best sex aids on the market.

You want to know what turns the ladies on, how to please them . . . and yourself. But more importantly, you demand value for money, you want the best, but you want it cheap.

I have therefore tested (yes, personally tested!!!) hundreds of products on the market, selected the very best and slashed the prices by up to 50%. The products I have chosen are guaranteed to bring you and your partner total sexual satisfaction . . . I promise you!!!

My pal Solange who helped me sort out the top sex aids on the market

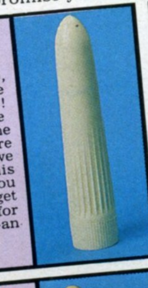
SLIK LIPS

A NEW concept in personal sexual relief. Slip Slik Lips over your penis and your hands are free to do whatever else they want, whilst letting Slik Lips bring you to the ultimate climax. This wonderous invention is the largest-selling self-satisfaction sex aid on the market, and it normally sells in Soho sex shops for ~~£17.95~~. Get it today for only £12.95.

ORO-SIMULATOR
ALL NEW!
NEW
ORO-SIMULATOR

7in VIBRATOR

THE perfect vibro, smooth as silk to give you that extra thrill!! This really is the best selling toy in the country (millions are sold every year), and we all know why! This would normally set you back ~~£9.95~~, but today get the very best vibro for only a mere £2.95—an unbeatable price.



DELAY SPRAY

FOR the man who ejaculates too quickly to achieve sexual satisfaction for both partners, you really should buy this spray, because it really does work. Friends of mine have personally recommended this, and their success rate has increased by 100%. Sells for ~~£5.95~~ in specialist shops, but today it's only £3.99.

Delay Spray
20 ml

NON DOCTOR

THIS is a universal favourite sex aid (and most definitely my favourite!!). It is a vibrator with a difference — it has four, yes four, changeable heads, and these are heads with a difference. They bring pleasure to a woman like she has never felt before (believe me, she will be eternally grateful to you!). Sells in Soho sex shops for ~~£11.95~~. TODAY ONLY £5.95 *(BARGAIN OF THE DAY).*

UP AND DOWNER

LARGE, chunky vibro which has a real latex look and feel about it. It is mechanically controlled to go up and down on its own, leaving you and your partner free to enjoy each other's bodies. The most powerful and satisfying toy on the market, and it's reduced from ~~£13.95~~ to only £9.95 -affordable pleasure.

NX9

A WATER soluble greaseless gel, that is completely non-staining. Designed for more comfortable close encounters. When I was doing it five times a night, it came in very handy. I'll mention no names..! Sells for ~~£9.95~~ BUT TODAY IT IS ONLY £6.95.

BIG MAN RING

A MAN'S best friend has arrived!! This really is the greatest sex aid ever! It produces a powerful erection, enlarges the male penis, prevents premature ejaculation and increases sexual pleasure and sensations for men and women. It sells for ~~£6.95~~. Now only £4.95.

LUST FINGERS

SIMILAR to condoms, but the Lust Fingers have protruding nodules to guarantee climax. These give an extra special feeling to any lovemaking. Lust Fingers sell for ~~£2.95 each~~, but today you can buy three for only £3.50.

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SAFE sex rules!! Condoms in all colours, flavours and ribbed to enchance the enjoyment of your sex life. You can get an amazing 24 condoms of all assortments for only £3.50 and 48 condoms of all assortments for a mere £4.95—you know it's a bargain, as plain condoms can cost a couple of quid for three!!

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Photographs by Scott Evans

SASHA

Scots lass Sasha has the sort of social life that would leave most of breathless — and the sort of sex life that gives you heart failure! "I'm out just about every night of the week," confesses the 21-year-old student, "meeting lots of randy, young blokes... and taking them home and shagging them!

"All I've got in my bedroom is a huge, double bed — I always find that it

speeds up the seduction process! I can easily spend all day there, just kissing and caressing a bloke and getting to know him a little better. And if he's a good boy and pampers my pussy enough, then I'll let him stay the night!" ♣

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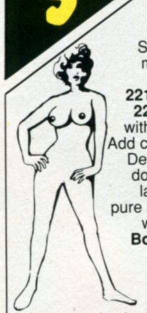

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221 Standard	**£25.50**
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Details of female sex dolls made of strong latex-vinyl and also pure latex are available with our catalogue.
Bonus 'LOVE-PAC' of lubricant and sheath included with all dolls.

MALE DOLL 225
A blow-up plastic doll with erect 7½" penis, plus mouth and rear openings
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Attracts women without them being aware of it. The undetectable female attractant PHEROMONE X – the scent that sexually attracts women without them even being aware of it. Less than 10% of men have a high natural pheromone level. For the rest the mating game has always been hard work until now.
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DUO-BALLS 730
Also known as 'Ben-Wa Balls' – an ancient Japanese delight. When inserted into the vagina almost any body movement will produce unique erotic sensations. They also help women maintain sexual arousal for long periods and develop vaginal muscle control. Movement within the balls comes from solid stainless steel balls.

Standard duo-balls 730	**£4.95**
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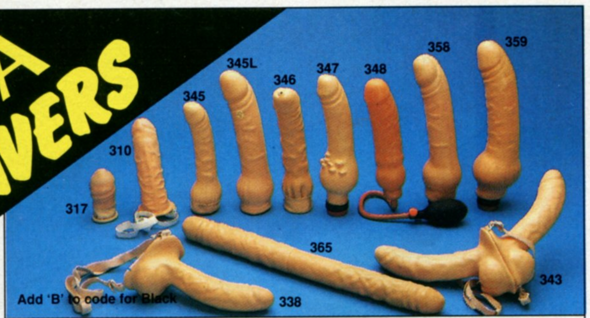
***Vibrating* Duo Balls 729**	**£10.00**



PADDED SHEATH 303
It has an outer surface of plastic latex moulded to the natural shape of the penis and an inner lining of soft cushioned latex providing a firm grip for the inserted penis. Adds girth and an extra 1½" to the penis. Complete with body belt. **£8.75**

SUPPORT SHEATH 310
As 303 but with a special strengthening splint built into the body of the shaft providing extra support. Ideal for the man with erection difficulties. **£9.75**

EXTENSION SHEATH
A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip that adds 1½" effective length to the male organ.
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For use by the female partner when circumstances make normal intercourse impossible.

345	Standard model	**£8.75**
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358 BULLY BOY
A vibrating hand prosthetic similar to the 'Pleaser 184' but with a larger length and girth **£13.25**

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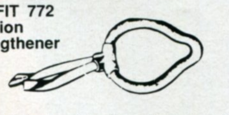
A flexible and specially curved vibrator enabling the 'Grafenberg Spot' to be stimulated. Discover and give this inner trigger spot its thrill of a lifetime. **£11.00**



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Almost 10" long. Double rippled, flexible and multi-speed. **£9.75**

LEWDO The board game that's guaranteed to release one's inhibitions. Sure to lead to a really swinging party. Strictly for the most liberal-minded. For two or more players.

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De luxe version
with 4 heads and 3 sleeves
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VIBRATING VAGINA 219
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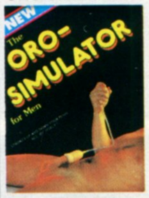

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ORAL satisfaction, anytime, anywhere. 0836 403 712.

TWO horny young girls love to model naughty underwear, lingerie lovers dial 0836 403 713 and join us in some steamy action.

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HORNY married women want to satisfy their desires with you. 0836 403 717.

NYMPHO wants to meet someone who can really satisfy. One man has never been enough, call me on 0836 403 718.

GYM teacher will order you to bend down for a severe thrashing if you do not do exactly as you are told. 0836 403 719.

DESPERATE Divorcee, late twenties. Give me something rock hard and throbbing. 0836 403 720.

PLEASE spank me. I've been a naughty girl again and must be punished. 0836 403 721.

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EXTREMELY large, mature lady, wants to satisfy you. 0836 403 723.

LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0836 403 725.

GIRL good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0836 403 726.

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CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0836 403 728.

VOYEUR wants to watch his wife with another man. She's got breaks like melons and loves high heels, stockings, suspenders and crutchless knickers. Genuine applications only dial 0836 403 724.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0836 403 729.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0836 403 730.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to act out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesome. Dial 0836 403 731.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0836 403 732.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdos. I want to try everything. Phone 0836 403 733.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0836 403 734.

RELAXING soothing blow job. 0836 403 735.

SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only, phone 0836 403 736.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29(, understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation. No weekends. Phone 0836 403 737.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0836 403 738.

FOR the very best in hand massage 0836 403 739.

LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0836 403 740.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them, if we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only 0836 403 741.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0836 403 742.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sex fun. Weekends only but call anytime on 0836 403 743.

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LESBIAN couple who may be bisexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0836 403 745.

VIRGIN 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0836 403 746.

HOUSEWIFE is into being tied up and caned. Husband isn't. Adventurous man wanted to fulfil my fantasy. Call discreetly 0836 403 747.

DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvey, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica. 0836 403 748.

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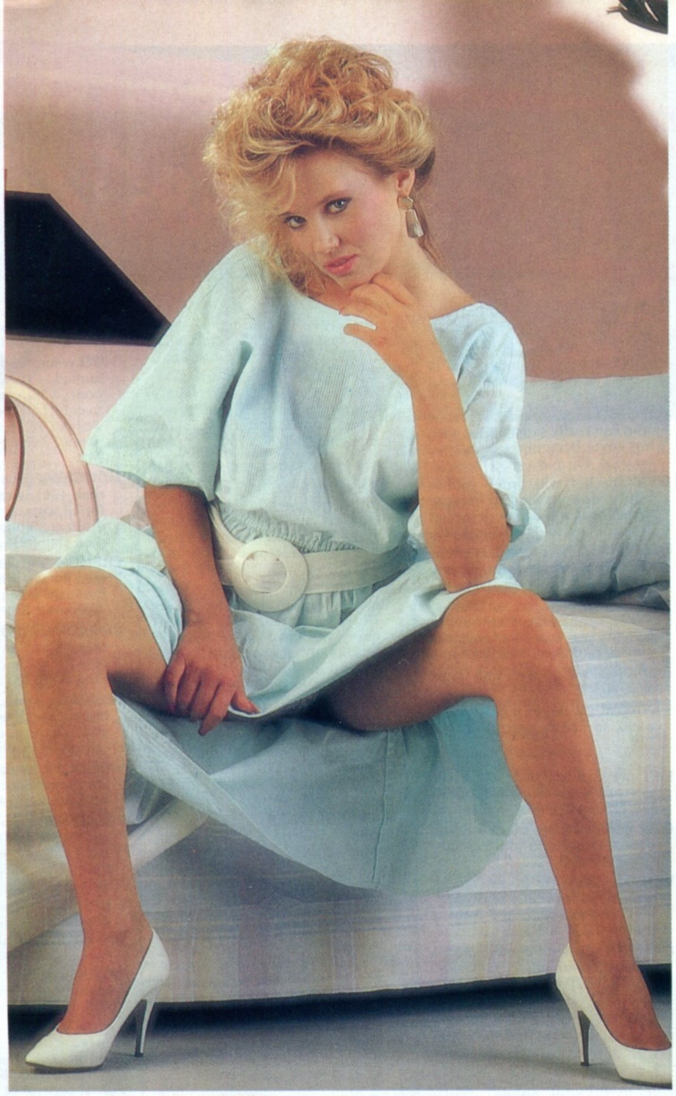
Photographs by Tim O'Brien



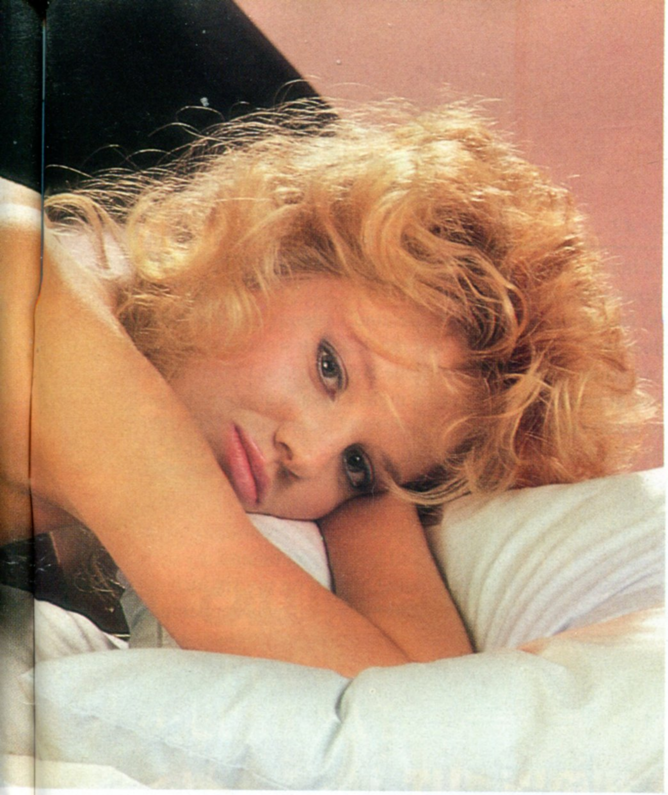
"People always seem to think that us Americans are really brash, loud and arrogant," purrs Amanda. "Well, I can be just as sexy as any English girl — and I'll prove it!" And after saying that the 19-year-old from Los Angeles produced these steamy photographs in 20 minutes flat.

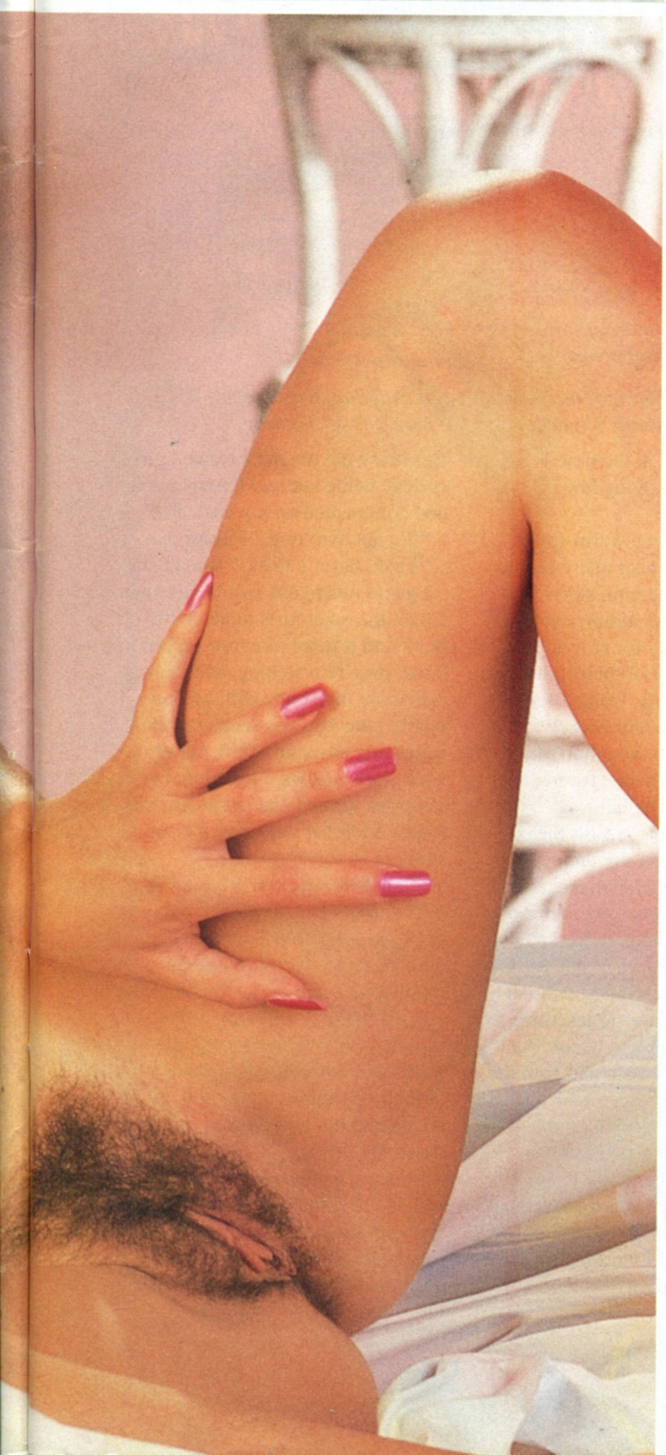
"I do get very

turned on posing in all this sexy stuff for you British guys," confesses Amanda, running a hand down over her slim hips. "My nipples are incredibly sensitive, and if you look really closely you can see how turned on I was, just imagining all you guys looking at my pictures and dreaming of all the rude

things we could do together.

"I'm not a shy girl either," reveals Amanda. "When it comes to men I definitely like to take the lead. Some men can find that hard to handle, you know, when a girl like me decides to walk up and tell them I'd like to take them home and feel their big cock sliding up my tight pussy. Mind you, I've never met a man yet who could resist!" ♣





COMING IN club

HERE KITTY KITTY!

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it just an excuse for a rather poor punning headline? No, it's Kitty, yet another scrumptiously juicy yet strangely classy bird discovered, unclothed, photographed and rushed to you fresh and fruity exclusively by Club International! She's in next month, since you ask. We were thinking of running a major investigation into the mafia, some fascinating fiction, an interview with some old actor and a 15-page serialisation of the latest crap book about Marilyn Monroe in the next issue too, but then someone said "Why don't we just put loads of horny girls and a couple of crap jokes in instead, and then we can go down the pub," so we're doing that. Play to your strengths, that's what we say. ♣

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IN THE BAG

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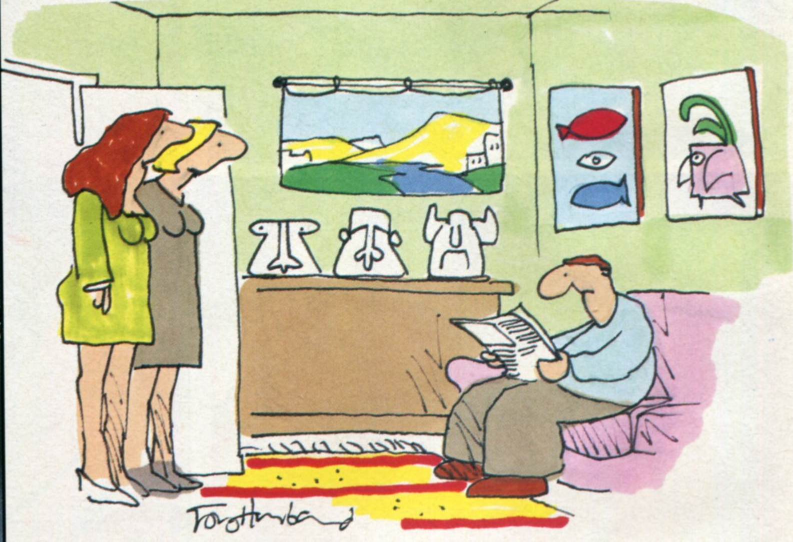
some reason I wanted her to lead the way. She didn't push me into anything, but gently coaxed and taught me the best way to lick another woman. I managed to make Toni come many times that day and now at work, when we aren't busy, we're often sneaking into the toilet for a bit of lezzie loving. I'm the happiest hairdresser around! — *Debbie, London*



"The rug's from Mexico, the paintings are Bolivian, the tapestry is Chinese, the heads Nigerian and the man's from Tooting."

The Good Ol' Lays

After reading your magazine I decided that my story must finally be told. I am now much older but at the time I was 18-years-old and studying law at college.

My story begins on a warm spring day. Because of the heat many of the women broke out the mini skirts that had tantalised me the summer before. I hadn't had any pussy for at least two months and the sight of their tight, firm bums swinging in that "come fuck me" way was driving me half crazy!

I tried to shake the thoughts from my mind as I was already late for my next lesson: chemistry. The lab was incredibly hot but that wasn't the only thing that was making my temperature rise. My lab partner Madelaine, a big-busted, silky-thighed sexpot, came to class wearing a spandex tube-skirt that clung to her every curve of her body.

Madelaine was the kind of woman that could make the most masculine man turn into a complete wreck. As I stared at her shapely bum and firm tits I carelessly knocked a test tube off the table. While I knelt to pick up the glass I was startled to see a clean shaven snatch only inches from my face. While I was staring I heard Madelaine say, "Hot weather makes me so horny. How about you and I working on some body chemistry tonight?"

I could barely talk, so I nodded my head and as I was leaving class Madelaine pressed a piece of paper into my hand with her address.

When I showed up at her flat I noticed that we were not alone. There were two of her friends in the room with us and they weren't wearing much. I thought that I would have to wait until Madelaine's friends left, but when they told me that they wanted to see a young college boy in action I knew it would be a night I wasn't going to forget!

As I stood there with a look of astonishment on my face I didn't even notice my trousers hitting the floor. Madelaine was all over me as she wrapped her legs around my waist, locked her fingers behind my neck and impaled herself on my six inch cock! I could believe this was happening — I was screwing the most wanted girl in college while her two friends watched and commented on my cock size!

"It's not that long," I heard one say.

"Yeah, but it's thick!" said another.

I guess most guys would have wished for all the other girls to get involved, but I find it more of a turn-on just to know they're watching, and anyway I was more than busy with Madelaine, whose cunt muscles seemed to be squeezing any sign of life out of my cock! Her hips were gyrating, twisting my prick around and as she groaned loudly I felt her cunt give a giant squeeze as she orgasmed.

Madelaine was still gyrating on my pole and her pussy was gripping my cock like a vice. When I thought I couldn't take any more I groaned loudly that I was going to come. She slid off my dick and took it into her mouth, swallowing every single millimetre of meat. Her friends were verbally encouraging to drink all my spunk and my body jerked as it shot down her throat.

Looking back now I know that that was the best fuck of my entire life and if any of those girls are reading, especially Madelaine, well, how about a school reunion with just the four of us? — *Nathan, Liverpool* ♣

SPKING SENSATIONS**
0898 777 910

I'LL LICK YOUR TIP
0898 777 908

TALK SEX WITH ME
0898 884 313

SLIDE IT IN ME 0898 777 906

DRESSED TO THRILL
0898 777 912

I'LL LICK YOU! 0898 884 322

SUCK MY NIPPLES
0898 777 913

TV DESIRES 0898 777 914

LONESOME LUST!
0898
122 121

FRUITY FANCIES
0898
122 124

SUCK MY TITS!!
0898
777
929

HOT GOSSIP 0898 300 003

CALLING FROM GERMANY??

Telefon sex, süb und Intim
00 852 172 2720
Mein mann ist verreist,
bitte rif mich an und
flirte mit mir!
00 852 172 2721
Magst du erotische
Geräusche
00 852 172 2722

Ich verspreche dir
süße Befriedigung
00 852 172 2723
Bitte, liebling, zieh
mir die strapse aus!
00 852 172 2724

30 SEKUNDEN KOSTEN =DM 1 56

I'LL GO ALL THE WAY!! 0898 777 921

SILKY & SEXY! 0898 884 309

SEEN IN GREEN!!
0898
777 909

DENMARK DIAL. PO BOX 272, LONDON, SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES. PRG 5 A

OVER MY DESK! 0898 884 301

CLASSIFIED

Dirty** xxx rated dial in **0898 884 305
Take** my panties down **0898 884 308
I'll make** you climax **0898 884 312
Scan sex** - adults only **0898 884 314
Auntie** in lesbian romp **0898 884 321
My legs** are wide open **0898 777 918
***Talk dirty** and sp**k me!*
0898 777 923
Let me** talk you thru it! **0898 777 925
Vicky** & her vibrator!! **0898 122 122
Help** me relieve myself **0898 122 123
***My** bananas disappeared!*
0898 122 125
***My fingers** do the walking*
0898 122 129
Raunchy** sounds of sex **0898 884 318
I'll** take you in hand **0898 884 319
I love** to masturbate! **0898 884 320
Unload** in my mouth! **0898 777 907
Straight** into wild sex **0898 777 922
Naughty** nighties **0898 777 928
Self** abuse with soap? **0898 122 120
Let** me milk you... **0898 122 128
Bitches** toy joy! **0898 122 127
Play** with my pussy! **0898 777 926
Pump** into me hard! **0898 777 924

CLASSIFIED

***My panties** in your pocket*
0898 884 300
***Lesbian's** first time - Wow!!*
0898 884 302
Call me** & talk dirty **0898 884 303
***Explicit** sex for your ears only*
0898 884 304
Videophone** hear our girls on the phone and see them on your television in the privacy of your own home!! for more information call... **0898 234 627
***Phone** the dream girls!!*
0898 600 400
***Let me** use my mouth to satisfy you*
0898 884 307
***Me** and my dirty books?*
0898 884 306
***White** panties, flushed cheeks!*
0898 884 310
***My legs** are spread for you*
0898 884 311
***Shaven** and ready to climax*
0898 884 315
I'll** give you hand relief! **0898 884 316
***I'm not** wearing any knickers!!*
0898 884 317
***I need** xtra sex sessions*
0898 884 323
***Older** women likes it fast & furious*
0898 777 911
***Shaven pussy,** wild & wanton!*
0898 777 915
***I'll play** with your stiff rod!*
0898 777 916
Unfaithful** confessions **0898 777 917
Damp** panties, moist lips **0898 777 919
Late night** strip special **0898 777 920
Ill give** you a hard on **0898 777 927
***How** a cucumber contents me*
0898 122 126

081 871 2181

THE ULTIMATE SEX TALK

YOU ONLY PAY THE 0898 CALL CHARGES
NO CREDIT CARDS!!!

JUST DIAL
0898 442 THEN THE NUMBER

TINA 749

ANNE 750

SUE 763

JO 762

SARAH 764

LISA 761

Dial now for phone fun!

LISTEN IN!

A lot of sex talkers do not mind somebody else listening in to the talking and if they give us permission you can hear them

0898 442 791

RANDOM DROP IN ACCESS NUMBER - 24 HRS

ADULT DATING

IMMEDIATE SERVICE

Just dial into the National Sex Dating Computer and the computer will find you a sex contact in your area without you even having to give your name if you want to.

STRICTLY SEX PLEASURE ONLY.

JUST DIAL **0898 442 768**

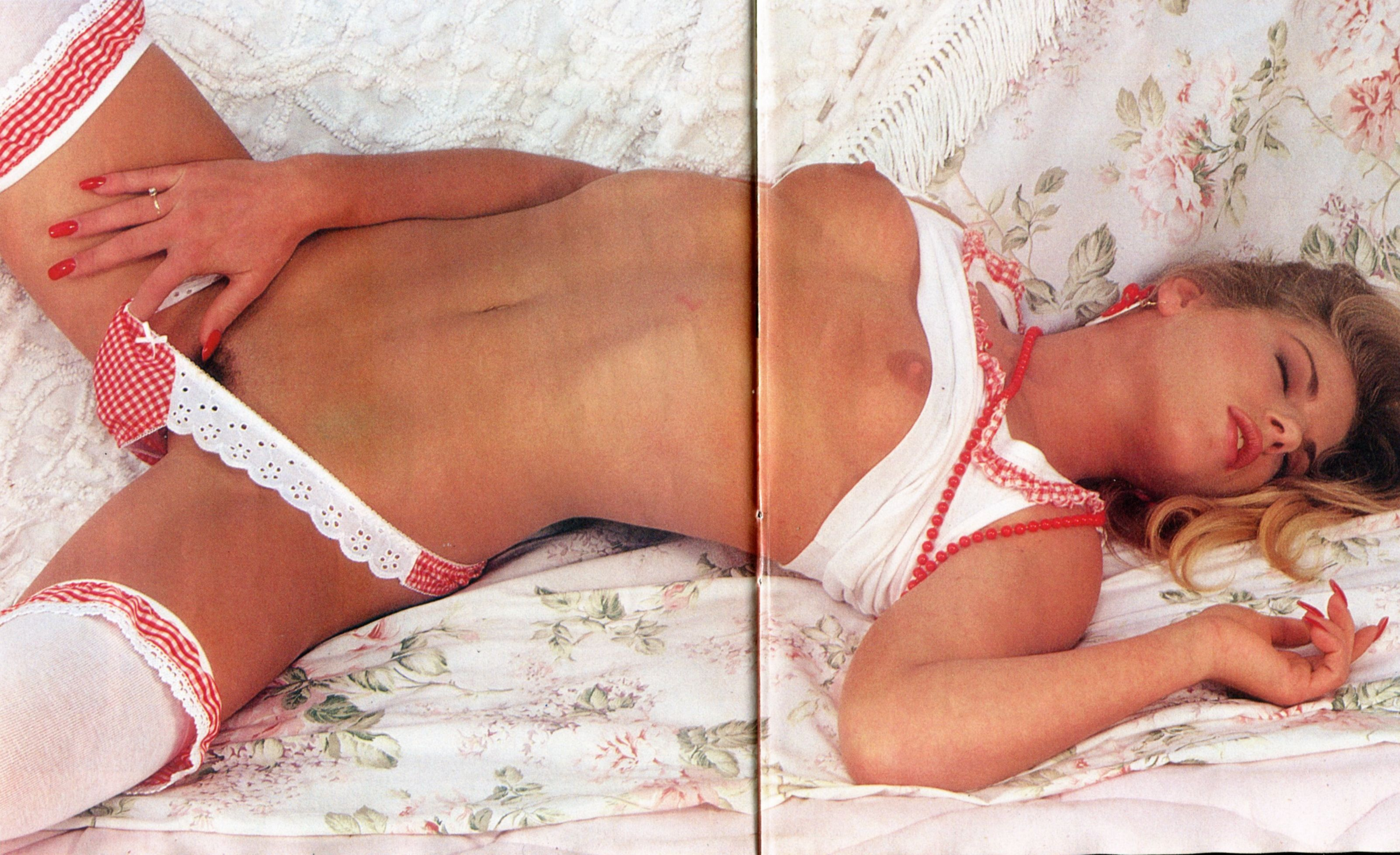
THEN JUST ACCESS THE GO CODE FOR THE SORT OF SEX CONTACT YOU WANT IN SECRECY

GLAMCHAT, P. O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.
CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE
AND 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.

PLEASE NOTE
Users of the adult dating service are not allowed to charge each other any fees. This service is for broad minded sex lovers only - Thank you.

BX 081 870 7313

TK 0225 751030



club

Sarah